13 JUN 1935

Miss Dinbai Cama, Asst. Secretary to the Women's Council of Ahmedabad, was awarded the Kaisari-Hind medal for her selfless work. She has done much to feed, clean and educate the children of women working in the mills. The Gujarat Ladies' Club, under the Presidentship of Lady V. R. Nilkanth, lately celebrated in a grand party the honour done to Miss Cama. We need more workers of her type.

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COMPENSATION

The mistakes that we make in life's rough glade
Seem many, sad and great. The good that's lost,
The evil won, outweigh the efforts made;
The value gone brings home the deadly cost.

Yet, think not all the failure means a loss,
Nor all the time and trouble spent too dear;
Perhaps an ideal gained behind the cross
Will truly bring the spirit's triumph near.

Success may even take from life the taste;
Vict'ry can break the heart, the conscience dim;
The gain of matter make of thought a waste;
And praises won seem but a tribute grim.

Oh, would that I could find the sublime birth
Of human thought, or peep into the deeps
Of coming fate that lies before the earth,
Or glimpse the height at which my spirit leaps!

But the wish to pierce the gleaming stars for light,
To dig beneath earth's crust for treasure's clue,
And with the force of science crush the might
Of ill, are efforts lost, if the heart's not true;-

We could not pass life's test,
Loved we not honour best.

— *Kamala*

H. M. QUEEN MARY

HER Majesty Queen Mary, born in May 1867 and married in1893, has ever been associated in our minds with His Gracious Majesty King George V, Emperor of India,the Silver Jubilee of whose rule has just been celebrated. She has been appreciated and loved by the public, in the many phases of her amiable life, as the happy daughter of her family, the young bride of the Duke of York, an ideal wife, a competent and affectionate mother, an adored grand-mother, a trusted friend and adviser, and finally a revered and beloved Queen and Empress.

Her majesty Queen Mary has always been a studious reader and a great lover of books. She has never been a part of the so-called 'smart set;' on the other hand she has often been deemed unfashionable regarding her dress. Yet, her dignified presence has ever been set off by appropriate robes and jewels. She is more fond of a quiet home-life than of brilliant activities, though when she attends the latter, as in duty bound, she always displays a happy interest. Her skill and efficiency in domestic management are well-known and she has ever been a keen advocate of homely virtues. She is very fond of gardening, as well as of collecting antiquities. She interests herself as much as possible in all classes of her subjects; her affection and sympathy for them are much appreciated; and she has friends sometimes in even the humblest of her people. She often visits hospitals and work-houses and is a member of many societies for improvement. She takes an active interest in exhibitions of work and widely encourages the activities of poor labourers. She has been a partisan of the reasonable advance of women, and her interest in Indian women is very noticeable. There is no need to speak of her genuine companionship and comradeship to her august consort, nor of her peculiar virtues as a mother and a grand-mother. Her self-denial and unselfishness are proverbial and her courage and fortitude in moments of stress have well stood the test, especially in the late severe illness of His Majesty. She is, to speak in ordinary terms, a good, gracious and great lady, and a fine example to all women. In a word, Her Majesty Queen Mary is an embodiment of all that the royal mistress of a great nation should be; and we wish her long life and continued happiness and prosperity in all that her gentle and capable hands may undertake.

A CALL TO THE YOUTH OF ASIA

YOUTH of Asia! The clarion call of this new age invites you to new duties, to new tasks. You are the noble inheritors of the Light that has radiated from the East to all parts of the world. Moses, Abraham, Jesus, Mohammed, Baha-U-Llah, are no mere names to you—they are part of the living reality and experience of the Orient. The light that shone from Confucius and Zarathustra is attested to by vast masses in our Asiatic continent. Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira, Nanak, Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand Saraswati, Ramakrishna—these are to you, not mere subjects for research, but the sublime realities that mould your life experiences to the spiritual experiences of mankind.

Yes, Light has come from the East! The Congress of Young Asia, held in Japan in December, 1933, rightly proclaimed: "In Asia lay the cradle of the human race and the origin of human civilization. Thousands of years before the Christian era, when the rest of humanity had scarcely emerged from barbarism, the Asiatic peoples had already built civilized institutions of their own. Humanity's cultural debt to Asia, thus, can hardly be overestimated."

The inexhaustible fountain of the spiritual experience of our forefathers should ever be kept before our mind's eye and should sustain us as we go through the business of everyday life. But let us make sure that we do not live on the glories of our forefathers. If we are to be worthy of the legacy left us by our predecessors, we should in our day and generation enrich that legacy and make it a vital part in the experience of all humanity. Let us, therefore, address ourselves to the task of finding facts, to the task of understanding Oriental and Occidental attitudes and values of life. Before becoming anxious to impose our ideas upon others, let us first understand their ideas. Before accepting uncritically the ideas of the Occidental world, let us first fully appreciate our heritage. Let our attitude be first and foremost that of respect for the spiritual values of others as well as for those of ourselves.

Everyone, be he from the Orient or from the Occident, believes that justice is better than injustice, that lawfulness is better than lawlessness, that peace is better than war, that plenty is better than poverty, that concord is better than discord, that cooperation is better than conflict. Even from a utilitarian point of view, everyone will subscribe to the above propositions. And, if you are religiously inclined, you will agree with me in saying that those propositions are true, not because they bring practical results, but because they are true for their own sakes; they represent certain spiritual values which the heart of man is ever seeking to attain. Further, I may say that the peace of mind which passeth understanding is better than the peace of society which succumbeth to misunderstanding; that the life of spiritual pursuit, the abundant life of the spirit, is far superior to the life of material wealth and plenty (which does not mean, however, that the peace of society and material wealth are to be despised). The peace of mind and the abundant life of the spirit are *theoretically* within the easy reach of everyone: *practically*, they are within the easy reach only of those who dedicate themselves to carrying out the purposes of God in their own lives. But the peace of society and material wealth are dependent upon the foundations of our social order.

Is our society, I mean our *world-society*, so organized as to ensure peace and plenty to every individual and to every nation? Are nations organized for peace or for war? What is the basis of our international relations? By international relations, I do not mean the European situation; international relations cover a

wider and broader field than that. By international relations, I have in mind particularly the relations between the two culture-groups—between the Orient and the Occident. Can we, either as Orientals or as Occidentals, be proud of the relations that exist between ourselves?

Youth of the Orient! Be earnest seekers of Truth. Address yourselves to the task of transvaluating values. Terms like nationalism, patriotism, internationalism, religion, culture, happiness, freedom, salvation, ought to get a new meaning and a new significance when interpreted from a new point of view.

Nationalism is not, should not be, a preparation for imperialism. Nationalism ought to be conceived in terms of a community of interests established by birth, a complex of social heritage which we inherit, enjoy, improve upon when possible and communicate to others of our contemporaries and to posterity. Patriotism is not meant to teach us to cast lustful eyes on other countries; rather is it meant to teach us to respect all those who love their countries as we love ours.

Internationalism is neither a system of uniform values of life, nor is it the acceptance of a uniform system of Government; internationalism, strictly speaking, should refer to our community of reciprocal interests and obligations established by birth, as members of different nations and of different culture-groups, and implies the acceptance of a uniform code of ethics. Self-determination is its characteristic, not domination.

Religion, to the Occidental mind, is more or less synonymous with creed (from *credo*, "I believe"). Religion in the Oriental sense is best expressed by the Sanskrit word, DHARMA, which, being interpreted, means: "that which holds together." Religion is more than a system of ethics, more than a set of rituals, more than theology, more than philosophy; religion is the vital principle that "holds together" or "upholds" the integrity and oneness of the individual, of the nation, of the human race, of the universe. Culture aims, not merely at the development and accumulation of material goods, but also, and more specifically, at the promotion of human happiness, freedom and salvation or self-realization. Happiness in its highest sense consists in the possession of the "enlightened" mind capable of distinguishing between reality and unreality in the attainment of Truth. And "the Truth shall make you free"; it is only in the attainment of Truth that real freedom is found. Only a free soul can attain salvation, or, which is the same thing, only a free soul can realize the highest value of his own self as well as of the Supreme Self.

(Extracts from an essay from America in connection with the *New History Society* of New York.)

WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN INDIA

WOMEN are the mothers of ideals, the embodiments of Art and Beauty, who play with the magic of love. Women and men are not as water and wine, but like land and sea. One cannot exist without the other. The ancient Indian symbolisation of woman as the Goddess of poetry and music indicates the true position of Indian women; and their position ought to bid fair to be even higher than that. They are the real repositories of Indian ideals.

Let us recollect the kind of education that was given to Indian women in ancient times. Though the teaching and the ideals of ancient ashrams were only confined to Indian ideals, they yet promoted a spirit that can't be even dreamt of in modern Universities. India, a land of culture, a land

Miss Prisca Rodrigues,
who recently passed the F. T. C. L.,
in pianoforte-playing at Bombay.

Miss Hava Bai,
the first Muslim lady Graduate of Travancore. She has been appointed tutor in the English Girls' High School, and hopes to sit for her L. T. next year.

DAW KIW KIN GYI,
the first Arkanese lady to be nominated to the Rangoon Corporation.

KUMARI SATYAVATI DEVI,
Lady Inspector of Co-operative Societies, U. P., who has been awarded the Lady Kailash Srivatsava gold medal for her essay on co-operation for women.

MRS. KAMALA SIVASUBRAMANYA, the first Brahmin lady to be made special Magistrate of Devakottai.

of unification, a land of creation, produced heroes and heroines who were prepared for themselves and the world. Women like Maitreyi, Sita, Damayanti, Savitri and others were inestimable contributions to Indian tradition, partly as house-holders and partly as wandering ascetics, two aspects of Indian life, nourished in the Indian soil and creating a calm atmosphere which modern nations are contemplating, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of.

The wheel of time has turned the situation of India. The out-set of the Mohammedan invasion naturally broke up some of the calm atmosphere. But, while on one side the spirit of ancient culture aroused a resisting spirit in the hearts of Maharashtra queens like Padmini; on the other side, in a wider sense, Mohammedan culture, literature and art added much to Indian ideals. Both, for instance, were fully developed in the characterstic administrations and actions of King Akbar and Queen Chand Bibi.

Once again, the kingdom of women collapsed. The conventional rules and regulations of prejudiced people swept away the influence of Indian women. Their main thought and atmosphere became limited to the kitchen-room. But, Western culture and scientific discoveries and inventions began to flow towards the East. Men, like Raja Ramohan Roy, emphasised the importance of female education, drawing facts and figures of help from the ancient Scriptures.

Years passed; the results of these worthy actions ripened. Indian women became truly re-awakened; they began to criticise and carefully think over their problems. Out of this understanding, came well-known conferences, which surprised the world. In an All-India Women's Conference on Educational Reform, Her Highness, the Maharani of Baroda, thus roused her sisters:

" Fellow-women! The whole of India will be influenced by what takes place during these days. See to it that the stirring of our hopes from their dark sleep be not a mere dream. Let us move Heaven and Earth to accomplish great things this year. With high determimation, set to work now for the solution of our problems, the greatest that our country has yet had to face."

Education, in general, should profit an individual physically, morally and intellectually and should solve social, economic, and national problems. Some uphold national education. But too much nationalisation is equivalent to degeneration. International good-will can be carried out if nationality is put on a higher level. And, from both should evolve an education that is far-sighted enough for the wide advance of future generations.

But first we must observe the weakness of our present education. This, to me, seems somewhat expressed by the famous Bernard Shaw in these words: "A fool's brain digests philosophy into folly, science into superstition and art into pedantry, hence university education." And modern education daily sends out millions of alike folk, like Ford cars, thus often suppressing the real culture of India.

Now what sort of education should be given? Are we going to separate men and women, like water from wine? Are we going to erect a wall between them? Even if we cast up a wall, will it last and help the Indian ideal of a peaceful life? Can men contemptuously look upon women as their dependents, or can women say that they are the opposites of men? They cannot, for future generations will not be swayed aside by such false and limited notions, but will crave instead a vast, free and open platform for thought and action. Hence co-education.

Some quaint moralists will oppose this idea as dangerous; but such a notion cannot exist with true education. With nutritious diet and proper exercise for a healthy body, with a good and intellectual education in literature, science, art, philosophy, music and religion for the mind, with a habit of

self-control for the spirit, who can boldly decry co-education as detrimental to a nation? Indian women, the builders of to-morrow should, therefore, be taught all the necessary things required for the householder, as well as for the Brahmacharini.

In all schools and colleges in India there should be true contact with nature; and, because quality is better than quantity, education should be concentrated in a few big universities, like those of Nalinda and Thakshila of old. Morever, the adminstration of education should be, as much as possible, not in the hands of adults, but under the control of selected youthful spirits, who will know what is necessary for themselves. At the same time, however, such should sit at the feet of great men and imbibe lessons from them, as was done in the old *ashrams* of India.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Women's Activities in India

IT is pleasant to note that the advance of women in India is fast becoming an item of interest to foreigners, and is dispelling that "unfortunate ignorance outside in general" about them, to which a reference was made a short time ago in Vienna by Mr. S. C. Bose. This same foreign mis-understanding of Indian women was referred to By Mr. Shoran Singh at Newcastle, as being the result of some enterprising books about India written after a very short stay in the country. "Try to appreciate the new spirit of the Indian women, who are fighting for great moral issues. They need your sympathetic understanding."

The changes, which have taken place among Indian women have been really phenomenal. During the last fifteen years, the progress of fifty years has been made. Taking mere school and college education, it is good to note that "in the midst of general deterioration in educational development in India, the education of girls is progressing satisfactorily." In the Indian Educational report for 1932-33, it was affirmed that schools and colleges for girls and enrolment in them have definitely increased in all provinces. Girl-students for the Matriculation examination have trebled their number during the last six years, and are passing out better than boys. Where there are no special colleges for women, the latter are entering men's institutions in large numbers. Co-education is thus increasing; and the percentage of trained teachers is also higher than before.

As regards general advance, it is gratifying to note that the freedom, which was such a patent fact till about the 10th century, is being won back. The capability of women to rule, teach, argue, portray nature, and to be true mates of men, is being proved in modern days, when world-problems are engaging their attention everywhere.

Then, as Mr. S. C. Bose said at Vienna, the advance of Indian women on three broad lines is being carefully dealt with by competent organisations. Social and educational work by Seva-Sadans and Women's Universities; agitational work for equal rights by Conferences, Councils and Associations; political activities by Congresses, are going on steadily. Women are not only taking an ordinary part in such, but are even trying to advance along original lines. The very fact that much of the spade-work has been done for them in foreign countries, and that they have not to fight for themselves as the Suffragettes did in Europe, is a great asset; for they will naturally come to have their own share in the rights and privileges yet to be gained by India. To-day there is hardly any branch of activity in which women are not playing a role. In education, in public health, in the trade-union movement

in art and literature, in physical culture, in the youth movement and in politics, most of all, women are showing great interest.

What remains now is a steady keeping-up of progress in all the directions indicated. As Lady Mirza Ismail said lately at Bangalore, initiative and self-help are needed. Women must be animated by a desire to help themselves, instead of being passive suppliants for help from others. There should also be an awakening to the dignity of labour. At the same time, there should be a right discrimination as to the sort of education needed. Health and hygiene should be carefully attended to; and the domestic and home training of girls should not be neglected. It was said by Lady Simon lately that women have a greater concentration for details than men. Here there is a chance to prove it.

The real need is a clear, fresh and comprehensive out-look on life, especially by the youth of India. "Education", as Dr. S.Radhakrishnan said, "did not simply consist in imparting instruction, but it was to develop some kind of impulse in every sphere of human endeavour." Like the Greeks, people should always be young. It should be possible "to look at everything with the fresh spirit of curiosity and adventure, and not be bound down by things inherited from the past." The present had its own problems, and they should use the wisdom of the past to solve them. "The truth of life consisted in the fervour of conviction, in the force of sentiment and in the capacity to express it in every-day life," in other words, "in the true essence of religion. It was not success that would give them true satisfaction, but it was the spirit of consecration and dedication to service with set purposes. If their soul was clear, they would live to some purpose. Plato asked them to co-ordinate their outlook in theory and practice and his teaching in that respect was the same as that of Indian writers. Plato insisted more on the perfection of society, while others thought that by perfecting individuals they could improve society. The difference was only a difference of emphasis. If individuals perfected themselves in the world, society would be raised in human quality. They must change themselves and change society as well."

Motherhood

That motherhood is the very basis and essence of life is being recognised all the world over. Lady Simon, speaking lately in London "just as a woman and as a mother," appealed for *Extension of Maternity Services.* She asked that motherhood should be made safer, not only through the aid of competent midwives, who should be trained and employed on a professional basis, but also by the giving of extra nourishment in poor quarters to expectant mothers. Dr. Maude Royden, in an article on what she would do if she were Dictator, emphasised the sacredness of motherhood. Motherhood should be endowed. She said:

"The bearing and rearing of children is for most women a full-time job, dangerous, responsible, essential and demanding the highest kind of skill. Those who perform it should be regarded as what they are—the most important people in the nation. Mothers should be free to decide whether they use the endowment money to release them from other kinds of work in order to devote themselves entirely to the care of their children, or to appoint nurses and teachers to do most of the work for them. The only interest of the State would be that the work should be done well, the condition of the children being the test. The ridiculous idea that the husband of a wife and family 'supports' them and therefore must have more money than a woman, would disappear, and women would appear in their true character as partners in the work of supporting the home.

"Mothers would carry on much as they do now, but with the greater freedom that a larger and more secure income would give them. If they misused the money or the children, they would be pulled up, much as other people employed on important duties are pulled up."

In Japan also, there is a movement afoot for the protection of about 140,000 mothers in various conditions of life.

How pleasant it would be if such plans were thought of for India also!

Women in Medicine

That Indian women have a special capability for medical service is being proved over and over again, but much yet remains to be not only achieved, but also idealised. As Lady Bhore said at a dinner given by the Women's Medical Service at Delhi to meet H. E. The Countess of Willingdon, "loyalty to service

needed to be a common aim among them." The first *desideratum* was keen professional efficiency. Though it is impossible to excel in every branch of medicine, the worker in smaller places, who is expected to attend to every sort of illness, could yet try her best to be level in knowledge and technique with modern developments. Much could be done by a determined and close attention to detail. All medical people were expected to give of their best to their vocation, whether it was their culture, their skill in arts or sports, or their gifts of leadership. Integrity of character and reliability were needed. Above all, was a personal tact, a sympathetic friendship and understanding necessary, in order to establish a true touch with the personality of women patients.

"Tenderness and patience with the suffering of Indian Womanhood, in its fear, in its superstitious ignorance and yet in its calm fortitude and childlike trust, firmness to insist on adherence to what is considered necessary for the disease, are needed for contact with the patients and their relatives, as well as for harmonious living and working with colleagues, with assistants, with students, may be, with the various units of the hospital and teaching staff, not to speak of the governing bodies and executive committees. The joy of achievement, the satisfaction of helping to save a life, to restore health, to give a fresh vision of the purpose of living, the power to elicit deep undying gratitude, are rewards worth having."

Traffic in woman and children

Miss Shepherd, Representative in India of the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, brought home the ghastly evil of this traffic, in an address at Delhi. She pointed out that in 1854, a great fight had been made by the Association against the system of military brothels in India. An attack against it had been made by Mrs. Josephine Butler in 1869, who protested against the State regulation of vice in England, and the International traffic in girls from England to Belgium.

In 1928, a Josephine Butler Fellowship Fund was collected to send workers to different countries to help in the removable of unsatisfactory conditions. The Josephine Butler Memorial Training house in Liverpool was strengthened, and requests were made from Egypt, Syria, India and Africa, for trained workers. Miss Shepherd came in response to the call, and has been carrying on a detailed enquiry into "tolerated vice areas." We are glad that the women of India have awakened to this need and are co-operating in committees on questions of legal, medical and educational policy. Rescue homes and industrial colonies are doing their best for girl victims. Legislation against immoral traffic has been enlisted in the greater provinces of India; and it is also recognised that public opinion has to be educated in order to aid legislation to work against the long-continued evils of custom, ignorance, superstition, and economic stress. A regional conference is now being suggested by the British Social Hygiene Council, as a preparation for the conference in 1936 in the Far East, to deliberate on this subject. A preliminary conference met in Madras lately, and has determined to hold the regional conference later in the year. Questionaires of various kinds will be issued, with the hope of co-operation from individuals and organisations.

Commissions of enquiry are being sent out by the League of Nations, being helped considerably by donations from the Rockefeller Foundation. The Second Commission went to the Far East and came to India in 1931-32. We are glad to hear that Begum Shah Navaz has been elected a delegate to the fifth commission.

Keep up Eternal Youth

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise.

—*John Ruskin.*

MEMORIES

GRASS has o'ergrown the path we walked along,
The flourishing plants have claimed it as their own,
And lo! not far away, our former home
Is seen. Creepers, nameless and wild, have grown
Around it, and the poppy flowers have blown
All over, making it their very own.
The brook that runs by has forgot our tale,
The wood is silent now, without your song.
Yes! speak in whispers; let us no more roam
About, lest we startle their memory
And disturb Peace, the mistress of this vale.
Sing no more an' wake the sleeping stars in space,
And not dumb-found the plaintive nightingale,
Stand silent, as beside a dead beloved face!

— Susi P. David.

An Account of Work Among Women in Calcutta

1. EDUCATIONAL WORK

THERE are two educational welfare centres, one in South Calcutta, and the other in Central Calcutta, where adult women are given lessons, through lectures and magic lantern slides, in:

1. Indian history,
2. History of ancient Indian civilization,
3. Lives of great men,
4. Ancient arts and crafts,
5. Sanitary science,
6. Maternity and Child Welfare,
7. Political and economical conditions of India,
8. Principles and practice of Cottage Industries.

The Calcutta Corporation maintains 81 girls' schools, sixty for Hindu girls and twenty-one for Mahommedan girls, there being 8826 girls in the former and 2067 in the latter, making a total of 10,893 girls. These are given primary education by regularly-trained teachers.

Thirteen recognised and well-known colleges and schools in Calcutta supply the needs of higher education among girls.

There are also two music schools for girls, which teach higher Indian music. One is the *Sangeet Sammilani* and the other is the *Sangeet Sangha*, which are both run by ladies alone.

The Bengal Women's Education League helps by holding annual conferences of women delegates from different parts of the province, to discuss questions like educational equipment, the social status of the teaching profession, primary education, and the medium of instruction in high schools. The conference also holds exhibitions of arts and crafts, and arranges for lectures by specialists on a variety of subjects. The League gets considerable financial help from the Education Department of the Government of Bengal.

The Hironmoyee Vidhaba Shilpasram is an *Asram* for widows, where they are taught needle-work, clay-modelling, knitting, wood-carving, embroidery, etc., organised and worked by a strong committee of Indian ladies. Besides donations and subscriptions, the Corporation of Calcutta contributes a yearly grant to this institution.

The Bharatstree Mahamandal is a nucleus of the All India Women's Association, which was first formed with seven members only, by Srimati Sarala Devi Choudhurani in 1909 at Lahore. Since then, its branches have extended to Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta. The teaching imparted did not then necessarily follow the University syllabus, but pupils were allowed to choose their own subjects. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was taught to those, as desired. Sewing, embroidery, and the cutting and making of useful garments were also considered necessary. This sort of home instruction was so very much appreciated by Zenana ladies, that the demand grew rapidly.

The original body of five teachers and eleven pupils increased to 30 and 100 respectively within a year, and the area of work extended from the northern-most to the southern-most limits of the town and even stretched to the suburbs, and more than 500 houses and 3000 women benefited through the teaching agency of the Bharat Stree Mahamandal. Two primary Girls' Schools were also opened by the Mahamandal and handed over after several years to the Calcutta Municipal Corporation.

Times have now changed. Purdah in Bengal has slackened considerably and girls of respectable families no longer think it a degradation to take up the teaching profession and earn their livelihood; nor do

married young ladies object to attend schools for furthering their education.

For the accommodation of lady teachers and students who have no permanent habitation in Calcutta, the Mahamandal opened a Central House with a hall and side-rooms. The death of Krishna Bhabini Das at the end of February 1919, who was the life and soul of the work, was a great set-back, and the work of the Association suffered considerably, till it was revived again in 1926 by the same Srimati Sarala Devi Choudhurani, who had been the founder. She has re-organized the whole system to suit present-day requirements. The Mahamandal, in 1928, opened examination centres in several districts and sub-divisional towns of Bengal. Women are encouraged to study at home and sit for examinations at their respective centres on fixed days, on the history of Bengal, India, England, America, Greece and Rome by turns throughout the year, with the incentive of prizes and certificates. In 1930, the Mahamandal opened a school for married women called the *Sikshasadan* for imparting literary, industrial, artistic, moral and religious instruction. Classes are held between 12 noon and 3 P.M., and ladies of all creeds are attending them. A body of highly educated ladies are giving their voluntary services as teachers.

The Nari Siksha Samiti was founded 10 years ago and has been able to open 40 girls' schools in Bengal, one widows' home and one industrial school.

The Saroj Nalini Memorial Association, in memory of the lady, whose name it bears, who has been labouring for the improvement of the condition of the women of Bengal, was founded in February 1925.

A Central Committee guides the principles of the movement, which aims at the formation of local *Mahila Samitis*, which are left free to frame their own bye-laws and scope of work, the Central Committee advising them where necessary. During the year under report, the number of Samitis rose from 240 to 305, and the movement has spread beyond the limits of Bengal.

The Central Association has also other objects :

* 1. Conducting a monthly Journal, '*Banga Lakshmi*,'

2. Maintaining a women's Industrial School for training instructresses in Calcutta,

3. Maintaining a school for giving training in sick-nursing,

4. Arranging public lectures on women's education and physical training.

The active centres of social work in the Mahila Samities in the different parts of the country are carrying on very useful, interesting and enthusiastic work. These activities include popular lectures with lantern slides by well-known people, house-to-house visiting, training classes, maternity and child welfare work, public health work, cottage industries, adult education, organisation of girls' schools etc., Recently, farming and agriculture have been included as possibilities in the scope of the Samiti's work and general, kitchen and flower gardens have been started. There is a wholly democratic spirit prevailing through the movement, which has been the secret of its success.

The C. I. Z. Industrial Mission was started in 1896 by Miss J. G. Evans with the object of providing a means of livelihood for women, who by becoming Christians, have been cut off from their families. Mirzapore carpet-weaving, chutney and jam making, and various kinds of embroidery, provide occupation and a certain amount of remuneration for about 35 women employed here. There is also a Girls' Industrial Boarding School of about 20 girls, who, in addition to an ordinary primary education in Bengali, are taught various kinds of hand-work, of which the most noticeable is the making up and dressing of china dolls, the heads and limbs being bought from the Calcutta Factory. There are also seven primary

schools in the neighbourhood, where about 500 little Bengali girls receive elementary education according to the Government standard.

The Sakhawat Memorial Girls' School was established in March 1921, for imparting education to make girls true Muslim ladies, good housewives and dutiful mothers. There are 133 girls on the rolls. In December 1929, 3 girls passed in the Calcutta Girls' Scholarship Examination; 12 girls got diplomas for first-aid and house nursing and 22 girls passed in the Bangiya Balika Shiksha Parishad Exmination. In the near future, affiliation to the Calcutta University as a high school will be an accomplished fact.

The Calcutta Gujarati Stree Mandal, started in December 1928, has during the last two years done useful service to the Gujarati women living in Calcutta, both as an educative institution and a social club. A fixed programme for one month consisting of one lecture, a picnic with sports, and sometimes a visit to a social institution, is printed on a post-card and sent to each member of the Stree Mandal. The first anniversary of the Gujarati Stree Mandal was celebrated under the presidentship of Mrs. P. K. Ray, and more than 400 ladies of different provinces residing in Calcutta attended the gathering. It must be said to the credit of this Association that it has awakened a love for games and sports even among the ladies of most orthodox families.

For the last ten months, this association has been doing some work for the promotion of Swadeshi cloth in general and of Khaddar in particular. Classes for spinning and carding have also been started. A class for teaching English and sewing to adult ladies has also been conducted by this association.

2. SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

The Bengal Presidency Council of Women, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Lady Jackson, and with a strong committee of ladies, carries on welfare work among women. During the year under report, there were six weekly lectures given to the Mothers' Union. There has been regular visiting and after-care of women discharged from the Ranchi European Mental Hospital, and visitors have been particularly struck by the urgent necessity for a Home for these discharged patients. A Sub-Committee has been formed to go into details. The Salvation Army has come forward with a suggestion to house 8 women and give daily work for six more. Study circles have been carried on, especially with reference to child-psychology. A woman doctor examines girls as to their age, when appearing before a Juvenile Court. Some ladies are carrying on Juvenile work in the Borstal Jail. Five honorary probation officers have been appointed by the Government, at the instance of the committee, to visit children in the home of detention. The committee has been trying to establish purdah park in South Calcutta. Jail-visiting is undertaken by one of the members.

The Society for the Protection of Children in India aims at the betterment of children, especially those who are neglected and come into Juvenile Courts.

In Calcutta, over 5000 cases came before the courts during the year under report and only 3% could be placed into institutions on probation. The rest were "warned," "discharged," "fined," and received corporal punishment. The Society got into touch with over 800 cases.

The objects of the National Indian Association, Calcutta Ladies' Branch, are to promote friendly intercourse between English people and the people of India and to increase their knowledge of each other. Monthly social meetings are held usually in the homes or gardens of the members. Child welfare work is carried on steadily in the Child Welfare Clinics. Anti-natal work is also getting popular. Education work in the shape of competitions is carried on successfully and as many as eight schools have entered with 103 competitions.

The Girl Guide Movement is too well known to every one and needs no introduction. The method of training is to give girls pursuits which appeal to them, such as games and recreative exercises, which lead them to learn for themselves many useful crafts. In 1928, there were 16,469 girl guides in India. In December 1928, Lady Chelmsford inspected 1916 guides from 17 companies in Calcutta, and in March 1929 there were 29 registered companies in Calcutta.

The Women's Friendly Society helps needy women by giving them occupation such as needle-work, for which they are paid, in addition to a midday meal. The sale of work realised over 16,000/, nearly 200/ more than the previous year.

The Young Women's Christian Association is also well known as an association for active Christian work among women in Calcutta.

The Bharat Mahila Samiti is an exclusively ladies' organisation started by some Brahmo ladies about 35 years ago, to foster the growth of fellowship and spiritual culture among its members and also to help indigent families in straitened circumstances. Meetings are held once a week, when members read papers and discuss various topics of the day, besides reading religious books. In times of flood and famine, the Bharat Mahila Samiti raises funds for relief.

The Bhagni Samiti was founded in 1909, with the object of affording aid to helpless women, children and old people, irrespective of caste and creed, in the shape of food, clothes, medical relief, education and monetary help. The number of members is 135.

3. WELFARE WORK

The Indian Red Cross Society was started in 1934 by Lady Carmichael, as the *Lady Carmichael Bengal Women's War Fund*, for comforts and medical equipment for troops during the year. After the termination of the war, considerable funds remained unused, and were made over to a Bengal branch of the Indian Red Cross Society by special legislation.

The work has been organised in three main divisions :

1. Red Cross Military division.
2. Red Cross Hospital division.
3. Red Cross Welfare Division.

Besides these, there are other activities, with which the members of the Society identify themselves, such as the Lady Hardinge Linen League, the European unemployed Relief Committee, the Ex-services Association, the Calcutta Hospital Day Committees, etc.

The Lady Hardinge Linen League was started with the object of supplying hospital and charitable institutions in Bengal with linen. Over Rs. 8000/ was collected last year and 43 hospitals and charitable institutions were helped with linen and bandages.

The Mothers' Union, or the Mahila Samiti, formerly known as the Matri Sammilani of Bengal, was started in connection with the Church Missionary Society in 1915, to do some work amongst the Christian women of Calcutta and neighbouring districts. The members of other Churches are active members with the consent of their pastors, and Non-Christian members are called Associate members. The three great principles of this women's movement are as follows :

1. To uphold the sanctity of marriage,
2. To awaken all mothers to unite in prayer and try by their own principles to lead their families into purity and holiness of life.

The members of the Countess of Lytton Hostel and Club have to be

1. Hospital trained nurses and masseurs holding recognised diplomas of training,
2. Nurses in Hospital under training,
3. Professional and business women,
4. Such other women of whom the trustees may approve.

The Govinda Kumar Home, Panihati, it for the reclamation of minor girls sensenced and detained under the Calcutta Repression of Immoral Traffic Act. It was founded in 1926 with 9 girls, under the supervision of an English lady and an Indian Matron. Its growing needs stimulated the Calcutta Vigilance Association to exert itself for funds and resources. Babu Gopal Das Chowdhury, Zamindar of Sherpur, made over to it a large property at Panihati, and the home removed to its new quarters in 1929. At this stage, an Indian lady, Mrs. Sovana Nandi, was put in charge. There are 77 girls in the home at present; elementary primary education, sewing, embroidery, cutting, spinning, nursing and domestic science are the main activities in the home. Any girl, showing a special aptitude for higher studies is helped to join specially-selected schools.

The Fendall Home was founded in 1878 by Miss Lavinia Fendall, as a Rescue Home for Christian women and girls. In 1921, it was amalgamated with the Women's Friendly Rescue Branch. There is accomodation for 25 women and 15 babies. In addition to the ordinary rescue work, the home gives shelter to women passing through Calcutta and also to women and children who are brought in by other Societies pending their disposal to other suitable places. The S. P. C. I. send in their Anglo-Indian and European cases from the Police and Juvenile Courts, until they can make their own arrangements. Training is given in all domestic work, needle-work etc. The girls are paid a small percentage on their work. Typewriting and shorthand are also taught.

The St. Mary's Home and Hospital is under the management of the women's Friendly Society for AngloIndians. The hospital is intended for non-infectious incurable cases and has 16 beds fully occupied practically the whole year. The nursery accomodates 12 children, who are orphans or children whose parents are out of work. As soon as the children are old enough, they are drafted to different schools. There is a Girls' Club intended for those waiting for situations. There are further 56 beds for the main object of the Institution, which is to provide a home for poor European and Anglo-Indian women; those, who can, do pay a little according to their means.

Two representative *Ladies' meetings* were held in Calcutta during the year, (1) for the Sarada Marriage Act Bill and (2) for the rights of inheritance of women; and resolutions were sent up to the members of the Legislative Assembly.

(I am grateful to Mrs. Dutt for supplying me with this detailed summary of work in Calcutta.)

Editor, I. L. M.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

Ry HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER V

God or the Devil ?

SCARCELY had the King vanished through the portico ere the Queen with her ladies-in-waiting climbed the stained steps, and stood, white as the marble whereof the palace was built, beholding the dire scene upon which the King had just turned an angry back.

The good Alestes fainted and fell into the arms of the weeping ladies. Assistance was quickly procured, however, and her Majesty, after she had regained consciousness, was quietly conveyed to her private apartments, where she suffered from prostration during many hours, for her nervous system had received a severe shock.

The following day, as she lay quietly upon

her bed, her mind began to revolve many philosophies. How strange is life! she thought. How petty are the dignities and the pomps and shows of Empires! How little is everything in life without love! Love strengthens the mind, it satisfies the hungered soul and brings joy and peace, even where poverty and sorrow build their dull house!

As she lay thus dreaming, a spiritual metamorphosis took place within her being. The haunting longings for love, which she had so long experienced, suddenly became a burning passion. She felt that she must have love—that ideal, beautiful love, for which the soul of a good woman craves so deeply. Of this strong, pure passion, she knew full well that her husband was totally incapable, for he possessed none of that refinement of feeling, which is the essential constituent of a nature which is capable of bestowing such.

Presently her favourite lady-in-waiting tapped upon the door and stole noiselessly into the room.

The Queen bade her be seated, and, during a quiet conversation, asked if she had any news concerning the dead guard, whereupon the lady quietly informed her Majesty that she had overheard a conversation, from which she had gathered that his Majesty had issued orders for the guard to be buried during that night, and that his remains were to be conveyed through a secret passage which led from the palace to the city dungeon, and from the dungeon to the Grand Temple of Isar. Also that the burial was to be done in secret, in a vault which led into the old dungeon.

After some further converse had taken place between them, the Queen, carelessly, and with apparent disinterest in the matter which had passed under discussion, bade her lady-in-waiting retire.

Strange thoughts swayed Alestes as she again turned to her dreams, for she felt as if she could not much longer endure this burden of such a shallow and punctilious life, and already she hated Systos for his vile and bloody deeds.

Suddenly she drew herself erect, and sat for some time staring intently into space. A very powerful idea had entered her mind. She remembered that the secret passage to which her lady-in-waiting had referred led, not only to the dungeon and the Grand Temple of Isar, but from thence to a cave, the entrance to which stood close to the little hut wherein lived, in the midst of the mountains, the poor prophet Aphiades.

Then, with an air of determination, the Queen arose, and hurrying from the room and along several broad passages quickly reached a spacious hall, on either side of which stood a tall archway.

She passed quickly through the one on her right hand, and was soon standing upon a long terrace which commanded a splendid view of the city. Here stood, like a marble statue, a guard of whom the Queen had heard high praise, and whom she felt instinctively she could trust.

The guard bowed as her Majesty paused, and again he bowed low, in much surprise, as she stood immediately before him.

"I know thou art worthy of trust," said she, "and greatly known for chivalry, therefore have I chosen thee from among thy fellows to do me private service. I command thee to bring hither a suit of guard's clothing and a hat. Fetch hither also a large torch, and see that thou breathe no word to any man, whereof I have thus, confidently, spoken to thee."

"Gladly would I spill my life-blood in the service of your gracious Majesty. Therefore at nightfall shall the command, which I have received, be obeyed to the letter," replied the guard.

Thereupon the Queen placed a beautifully-jewelled ring in the man's hand, saying, "I will return an hour after dark," and, ere he had again bowed himself to the earth, she had departed in much haste to her own apartments.

That evening Alestes sent word that she would not appear at dinner, owing to indisposition, but issued instructions for a light repast to be brought to her own suite of rooms.

Being in an abstracted frame of mind, she ate the dainty food extremely slowly, and, occasionally a bitter smile formed about her perfect lips. She looked sad, but very beautiful and fascinating. In fact, there was no woman throughout the whole land, better endowed with beauty of form and feature. She possessed also an intellect of the highest order, of which, unlike most women, she was more proud than her physical beauty.

As she sat in the stillness and undisturbed peace of her chamber, she greatly wondered why Fate had led her to be the mere puppet of a man like Systos. All the indignation of her fine nature arose in strength against him, but, as she thought upon her son Meredes and the nation, her anger ceased, for she knew that if she escaped from the Court and the King, she must perforce leave Meredes to suffer, in later years, the fate of an invidious and wretched throne.

Therefore, she resolved to seek the advice of the gentle prophet Aphiades, for she had heard much of his fame, as a worker of miracles and a diviner. This knowledge she had gathered from her maids, and therefore she would steal forth that night and visit the prophet and hear and abide by his counsel. This was, she felt, the best path to follow, in her dire dilemma.

She sat thinking a little while longer, and then darkness began to fall upon the city. She watched, from her windows, the peaceful night wrap an ebon mantle about the earth, and after the space of about one hour had elapsed she arose with a bold and daring spirit, for she knew that the time for action had arrived. Following the direction which she had taken that afternoon, she quickly reached the arch which led from the large hall out upon the terrace, where she had given orders to the guard. Immediately, she discovered a neat bundle lying behind a tall pillar which projected slightly at the arch entrance. Stooping cautiously, and looking quickly about her, she gathered up the parcel of clothes, and with redoubled speed reached her rooms again unobserved.

That night it seemed an eternity to her Majesty, ere the usual hour arrived for her maids to appear in order to attend to her personal requirements before she retired. She possessed herself in patience, however, for she did not dare to call them at an earlier hour, lest they suspected any departure from the normal order of palace regulations.

At last the maids appeared and, after many feminine toilet operations had been performed, her Majesty bade them "good night" and, as they curtseyed from the room, the Queen informed her principal maid that, owing to the fact that she was very tired, she did not wish in any circumstances to be disturbed again that night.

Shortly after midnight, Alestes, dressed as a guard, stole forth from her private apartments, and, carefully locking the doors behind her and placing the keys safely in one of her pockets, went noiselessly down the broad staircase into the basement of the palace, and hid herself behind a dark pillar near the entrance.

Some thirty minutes elapsed, and then a sharp click broke the silence of the hall. A door swung suddenly open, and six tall guards stepped slowly into the gloom, bearing an ill-formed chest, which the Queen knew contained the remains of the murdered guard.

Following the last of the six men, came the King, his face grim and flushed with wine.

Upon several occasions, the Queen had heard the King speak of the cryptic vault to which was joined this subterranean passage.

She did not, however, know its exact whereabouts, and, therefore, she was compelled to follow, as cautiously as possible, this strange funeral procession.

Then the King issued an almost inaudible order, and the stalwart guards arranged themselves, one at the head and another at the feet, and two on either side, of this weird burial chest.

Presently, they began to move with their burden, and, turning from the great hall, walked slowly down several dim passages ere they again paused. Then the King touched what seemed to Alestes to be a small ledge of stone in an aperture in the wall, and, suddenly part of the opposite wall folded back like a door.

The party passed through the aperture, and the door swung noiselessly back to its place again.

The Queen's heart thumped wildly as she rushed forward along the passage and found the secret door closed as firmly as a rock stands upon its base.

Undaunted however, she fumbled with the ledge of stone, which she had observed Systos touch ere the door had opened to allow himself and the guards to pass through.

It was some considerable time before she

discovered the secret, but at last she perceived that the ledge should be raised. This she did with a strong effort, at the same time pushing it steadily backward. Then the huge piece of stone again swung back, as easily as if it had been the door of her own room.

With trembling limbs and alert ears, Alestes stood for some moments, but heard no sound. Then she stepped through the doorway, and found herself standing in a low, dark vault. As soon as her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, she peered intently about her, and immediately observed a similar ledge of stone to the one by which she had been enabled to gain an entrance to the vault. This ledge she lifted and drew towards her, deeming that an opposite motion, in this case, would cause the door to close. Her assumption proved to be correct, and the huge piece of stone slipped into its place again, almost before she had perceived its action.

She then crossed the vault, and her breath came in short gasps, as she groped her way down the inky black passage, whose entrance looked like a gaping tunnel in the wall opposite the great stone door. Onward she pressed through the darkness, until, without warning, the passage took an abrupt turn. Then she saw, away in the distance, the light from the torches of the King and his guards. This enabled Alestes to increase her speed, and soon she was quite close behind them.

For a long time she followed steadily, until abruptly, at a command from Systos, the burial party turned down another passage, which lay at right angles to the one they had been following.

Then the Queen was again surrounded by the deep darkness, but a faint gleam of light fell upon the part of the wall opposite the entrance to the second passage.

She had perceived, however, ere the guards had turned, that the route they had taken was a bye-way, and that the main passage lay straight ahead. With great vigour she sped forward upon her intrepid march, for she realised how precious time was, and that the men would, in all haste, dispose of their dull burden.

As she reached the entrance to the passage which they had followed, she paused cautiously, and peeping intently saw several tall figures bending over the chest which they had carried so far.

She watched for a few seconds, and saw them fasten ropes about that weird coffin and lower it deeply into the earth, into what she saw to be the floor of another vault similar to the one which she had first entered.

Like a flash of lightning, the Queen darted past the entrance to the second passage. She stared wildly for a moment at the men, as she fled past in the faint light from the torches, and then uttered a low cry of relief, knowing that she had not been observed. She knew that she was safe, at any rate, from the iron wrath of her husband.

For a moment she stood staring into the blackness before her ; then, casting away her fear, she groped her way on and on, until the passage became circuitous. Fortune favoured her by this serpentine winding of the passage, for, knowing that Systos would be quite unable to perceive any light from her torch, she at once lit it, and by its aid sped along with renewed activity. For about two miles she rushed onward, and ever downward, until with a sudden turn the passage became a steep ascent.

By this time the Queen was very weary, but she struggled bravely on, and at last found herself standing at the entrance to the cave, which stood but a few yards from the dwelling-place of the prophet.

A dim light was burning in the hut as Alestes tapped upon the frail door. Then queried the musical voice of Aphiades, "Who knocks upon the door at so late an hour ?"

"'Tis I, the Queen," came the timid response.

Then the prophet arose, and admitted her gracious Majesty, the Queen of the Menelos!

"Madam," came the first word from the prophet (being amazed on seeing the Queen so strangely garbed), "I have but poor accommodation to offer one so great, yet, I pray you, be seated, and impart to me the purport of this strange and late visit."

The Queen seated herself upon an old wooden bench and burst into tears ; and then, between her sobs, she told Aphiades all her misery and grief and begged him to advise her,

from his treasury of wisdom, as to the best course to follow.

Then the spirit of prophecy descended upon Aphiades, and he spake thus:

" Most noble Queen, naught shall yet stay the evil of Systos, for he hath chosen the path of wickedness. He hath formed, in the midst of these very mountains, a league with that wicked one—Satan. He hath worshipped him, and sworn to obey him. Therefore shall Systos rule in the power of the devil, and the devil shall mock him, and, in rage, cast him at his feet, and shall trample upon him and scorn him, yea, he shall scorn him sorrily. And sudden death shall fall upon Systos, and great evil shall overtake him, for his spirit shall be consumed and his kingdom shall fall into Hell, and the City of Art, that beautiful city, shall be accursed and swallowed in death. Come, return now, O good Queen Alestes, to thy palace, and fear not, for power shall be in thee. Thou shalt be protected from the evil of Systos, yet must thou dwell with him until the time is come for the falling of the great wrath. Follow me now, and I will escort thee back, by the way thou camest."

With these words, Aphiades put out the timid light, and the two set forth for the palace, Alestes weeping for the strangeness of her sad life.

CHAPTER VI

The Army of Hell

For some days after her brave and perilous adventure, Alestes was again confined to her own apartments.

She was ill, but nevertheless very calm and contented in mind, for, intuitively, she felt deep joy and trust in the man Aphiades; his presence was an inspiration and power; his whole manner and bearing were those of a keen, straight, strong man.

Alestes needed such a strong prop as he.

Loud bustle and noise of many preparations reached the Queen's ears, as she sat revolving in her mind the stern sentences of wisdom which had fallen from the lips of the prophet. His words, she knew intuitively to be the words of truth.

She was meditating upon the largeness of his deep spirit, when a knock sounded upon her door, and Meredes entered with a face, which had almost entirely lost its usual radiance and vivacity of expression.

"My son, why is thy countenance sad?" asked the Queen, as Meredes stepped forward and greeted her graciously,

"Because, madam, my soul is heavy, and a smiling face is no fit companion for a dull soul."

"True, my son, but 'tis often policy to cover a dull soul with a bright countenance," said the Queen, " and life is, at times, not a really precious thing, even to kings and queens."

"A veritable philosophy;" replied Meredes, " Life holds but little pleasure for the King's son at this stage of his existence."

"Thou art but young, Meredes, to speak thus seriously of life and to feel so early its great burdens; and yet am I glad 'tis so with thee, for I would not have thee flippant. Seek always truth and pure seriousness, my son, and love life for its fade less treasures. Consider always the deeper things of life; love and cherish learning. See that thou keep always a strong, keen spirit. The earth is below and the Heavens are above, yet neither is the boundary of an imperishable soul. The stars are songs of love, and beauty is existent everywhere throughout Creation, and yet, Meredes, we are sad. And that, simply because we chain our spirits to this little earth. We live our life as if we were destined to dwell for ever upon this mortal globe. But tell me, Meredes, what special coincidence hath purturbed thee so?" queried Alestes.

"I am abashed because the King, my father, at this moment, is about to depart from us with dire designs upon the nations round about us, that have neither shown us malice nor done us any wrong, His whole being is set upon avarice and cruelty and bloodshed. War is, to him, the central fact of life, while I, his son, hate war and love peace more than aught else upon this earth."

"I am glad, Meredes, that thou art disposed to peace, and that thou dost think on this wise, for thus do I know that there are great possibilities open to thee, as thy nature is beloved of Nature, for she hath endowed thee with many good gifts."

The Queen had scarcely ceased from speaking these words, before all unceremoniously, the King burst into the room, and thrust his ugly spirit upon them in a few stentorian tones. "Hell shall rage, for Systos goes to war!" cried he. "'Tis greatly to be seen the weak do cling together, and Systos hates the weak and the meek and such like; and, therefore, doth he despise and regret you both! Ye fiat and saintly spirits, fare you well!"

With these bitter and stinging words, the door was slammed, and Systos had departed. Then Meredes, being much troubled by his father's hatred, took immediate leave of his mother, who by now, he perceived, was totally unaffected by the King's wild and insane outbursts.

As he followed Systos, Meredes murmured in quiet tones: "Aye, but Meredes may yet prove himself to be a greater power on the earth than even Systos the Mighty."

Meanwhile the King strode on down the sounding stairs into the extensive hall in the basement of the palace, where attendants awaited his Majesty's leisure. Then both King and attendants descended into the street, where the royal chariot stood in readiness. Systos, apparelled in most gorgeous and magnificent attire, seated himself sternly, and the chariot moved with pomp between rows of warriors who stood in line on either side, as far as the western gates of the city, where, in accordance with the King's command, the army had assembled. Like the stars in a clear firmament for multitude, like the sun for strength, and like the moon for calm, majestic glory, were the battlehosts of the Menelos. Gathered in mighty array, they stood awaiting the imperious entry of their worshipped ruler into the camp.

Onward went the chariot of Systos, past the trim figures and stern faces of the warriors, until it reached that special part of the camp, which was reserved for the chief men of war. There, in silence, Systos alighted and beckoned to the chiefs and captains to arrange themselves round about him. Immediately they surrounded him, and stood with keen attention awaiting instructions. Then the King poured forth stern orders; and the captains dispersed each to his own company. The warriors, who lined the streets from the palace to the western gates, were ordered to march far forward beyond the camp, which stretched away as far as the eye could see. There they formed one great square body, and then slowly a hundred other companies arranged themselves behind, until there seemed to be an eternity of men and spears and chariots and horses and equipage. When these operations were completed, a long trumpet-blast was sounded, and Systos, seated on a snorting war-horse at the head of the foremost company, led that mighty army forth to battle. Wives sobbed and mothers wept. Children and decrepit men were moved to tears. Then was pealed forth a second trumpet-blast, and an ear-splitting shout arose from the warriors; and, gradually, that army of Hell became like a dark cloud on the horizon.

(To be continued)

DUTY

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about;
Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence; and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

—*George Macdonald*

(From the Treasure Chest)

SATYABALA

(A STORY)

By DADABAI

IN a little forest-village of Midnapore, there lived an old retired medical officer, by name Nripendra Babu, with his small family of a wife and three children. The eldest of them, Santha Kumari, was married to Rajendra Babu, Bar-at-Law of Calcutta. The next one, Satyabala, our heroine, a student with her younger brother, Satish Chandra, at the Local High School, had passed her Matriculation Examination in the First Class and wished to enter college.

Accordingly, her father, with the advice of his son-in-law, Rajendra Babu, took her to Calcutta and had her admitted into college. Then, leaving her under the care of Rajendra and his daughter, he left for his home to manage his estates. For a few days Satyabala was sad at having left her home and her play-mates ; but soon she became absorbed in Calcutta with its huge buildings, squares and temples, the place of fashions, as well as of passions, noisy and crowded with people from every corner of India and of the world. She liked the buses and the cinemas, and above all Sushil Kumar, a bachelor-tenant of the upper flat in the house. She had met him one day at the river; and, his eyes meeting hers, they had fallen in love with each other. Being a friend of Rajendra Babu, he often went to the latter's flat, and had many opportunities to exchange fond smiles and glances with Satyabala; and every morning both Satyabala and Sushil Kumar met at some place or another without the knowledge of Rajendra Babu or Santha Kumari. The young man was now about twenty-four years of age, tall, fair and with charming manners. He was intelligent and refined, and felt that he had found his true mate in the charming seventeen-year old Satyabala.

He had many friends, but he also had enemies. Some of the latter wrote an anonymous letter to Rajendra Babu about Sushil's love-affair. Rajendra was frightened and made up his mind to change his residence. Satyabala was questioned by her sister and admitted her love. She went to her new home with her people, while Sushil stayed behind in his flat, with his faithful servant Narayan Ram. Even after this separation however, they met occasionally at different places.

One day, Rajendra Babu was on his way to the High Court in the company of a friend, who was also a lawyer of the same court. Suddenly, he saw both Sushil and Satyabala entering the square. He controlled his anger, for he was in a *tram*. When he came home, he spoke of the matter to Santha and wrote about it to Nripendra Babu, who was much annoyed, for he had just been making arrangements for Satyabala's marriage with Jotindra, the son of a wealthy merchant. He wrote to Rajendra Babu, asking him to come down for the Puja holidays, with his wife, his new-born child, Uma, and with Satyabala. Satish Chandra had gone on earlier. Santha told her sister that they would leave the city in a day or two, and the latter went to Sushil with the news. Under the pale light of the moon, the lovers with tears in their eyes bade farewell to each other.

They were met at the station on their arrival by Nripendra Babu, his wife Sarala Devi, and Satish Chandra, who knew nothing about Satyabala's affair, but who sensed something wrong. After the usual greetings, they went home, where at last Nripendra Babu was able to take our heroine aside. He seriously questioned her; but, though she trembled with fear, she was brave enough to tell her father everything. Nripendra Babu foolishly abused her, and would even have beaten her, if Rajendra Babu had not intervened.

Rajendra Babu pleaded on Satyabala's behalf and begged his father-in-law to allow her to marry Sushil, but Nripendra utterly refused, having made up his mind to go on with his own arrangements for her. An early date for her marriage was fixed, without even her knowledge. But her faithful maid, Parvati, told her about the secret. Satyabala was thunderstruck, and, procuring a telegraph form, wired the dire news to her beloved.

When Sushil got the message, he was in his native place. He had no money with him; but some faithful friends helped him and he hurried to the station. But he missed the train and was thus delayed a day. He made the journey by the next mail. At the station he engaged a carriage and, after a series of foolish accidents, arrived at the marriage-house just as the *Purohit* began reciting the *mantras*, which would finally bind the nuptial tie. But, just in time, Sushil Kumar entered, shouting madly for his Satyabala.

She heard her lover's voice. She left her seat taking the rose-garland, which was meant for Jotindra, and, dashing through the crowd, she placed it around the neck of Sushil Kumar. Jotindra left his seat in astonishment and quarrels arose in every corner. The musicians, the *Purohit* and the guests left. Nripendra Babu became mad with rage and his wife swooned. Rajendra Babu again intervened however and settled matters. He cancelled marriage between Satyabala and Jotindra. Then, he took both Sushil and Satyabala back to Calcutta and there he had them married and happily settled in their own home.

Nripendra Badu with his wife and son settled in the house of Rajendra Babu. He went back after a few months to his native place to sell his lands; but there he was attacked and wounded severely by Nagendra Babu, who had cherished a feeling of revenge ever since the broken marriage of his son with Satyabala. Nripendra Babu somehow managed to return to Calcutta, but there, soon after the birth of Satyabala's son, died of his wound. Surya Kumar, this child, became the idol of his grandmother, Sarala Devi, and the rest of the family.

In the meantime, Satish Chandra, the young brother, had grown up. After his father's death, he went back to his birthplace, in order to take revenge on Nagendra. But there, he learnt that the latter had been killed by a man-eating tiger, while crossing a jungle. The next day he accidently met Jotindra, who had been married already to Pramila, a charming girl of Satyabala's age. Jotindra, forgetting all the dispute between him and the family of Satish Kumar, mollified Satish and took him to his home, where

he begged him for forgiveness on behalf of his dead father. Satish, who was a good-hearted boy, gladly gave it and remained as a guest for a few days at the residence of Jotindra.

There, he met Kamala Kumar, the younger daughter of Nagendra Babu, now grown-up to woman-hood. He was four years her senior and, liking her, he requested Jotindra to give her to him in marriage. Jotindra was taken aback, but readily accepted the offer. Soon they were married among the very guests who had once attended the broken marriage of Jotindra.

Sushil and Satyabala also attended the function. Who could have guessed that the once disunited families would again unite? When the families gathered for the feast, they imagined the spiritual presence of both the dead fathers and craved their blessing. And so, all ended happily, as true love always should.

Reminiscences of a New-England Village

By Mary Modak

NEW-England is the north-eastern corner of the United States. It is traditional for its sternness of climate and character, its cultural and educational background, and its conservatism.

Northam, an ancient sea-coast town, is the very yolk of the egg of conservatism. The century-old elms, and solid, square, Colonial houses, even the extravagantly modest lettering of the sign-boards and store-fronts, speak eloquently of life that eyes change with due suspicion and resents the intrusion of innovation. I arrived there at a very early age. One of the most astounding things about early childhood is its ability to extract adventure from apparently ordinary surroundings; and Northam afforded me many an adventure.

One of the most daring and delightful of experiences was to climb on the rocks and crawl between the huge barnacled piles that supported the old wharf. Here all sorts of treasures were spread for those courageous enough to dare the slime on the rocks and the half-lit dampness. Wonderful star-fish of yellow, red, and brown were left there by the out-going tide. Small shells called periwinkles, of a shape as dainty as their name, could be found clinging to the sides of gray stones. An inimitable aroma of decaying wood, rats, and salt seaweed was the essence of the spot.

Another haunt much approved by me was an abandoned granite quarry. Here were great chunks of the gray stone piled with gigantic abandon and accidentally forming niches conducive to meditation on a sunny morning. Crows and gulls also favoured the quarry and made the clouds ring with their wierd and raucous cries.

Going to the General store was an event. Peppermint lozenges in enormous glass bottles, rows of gingham dresses on hangers, barrels of pickles and bigger barrels of brown sugar were mysteriously presided over by a superb, red-faced old gentleman, the proprietor. He had a very tender consideration for the insatiable curiosity of little girls and allowed me to roam about at will. I liked him very much.

In the summer we used to go 'berrying', which meant starting early in the day with a quart tin pail and a small dipper, and tramping to the pastures where blueberries burst in thick bunches on the low shrubs. Slowly, plucking only the fattest and juiciest, and stopping rather often to taste my spoils, I spent the long morning filling the pail with

delicious fruit. There was considerable competition among the youthful pickers to see who could fill his pail first. In occasional scrambles sometimes, the industry of two or three hours got overturned and went rolling back to the ground.

Sunday was a solemn and important day of the week. Then the whole village in Sunday raiment and demeanour betook itself to church and sat attentively through a service led by an earnest, reverent preacher. Week-days were deliberate enough in action, but on Sunday action seemed to cease altogether. There was no bustling about in kitchens. Meals found their way to the table in silence and were eaten in comparative silence. Reading and letter-writing were the only indoor sports permitted, and outdoor sports were entirely prohibited. The church bell ringing out its melodious invitation to evening worship marked the end of a day devoted to physical rest and spiritual activity.

We can never make a complete picture by sticking together fragments, but sometimes the separate elements which come to mind at the beckoning finger of memory may serve to give something of wholeness to a scene long loved. This I would do for a village of quaint and sober outlines, possessing a peace almost Oriental in its completeness.

Here's an adventure ! what awaits

Beyond these closed, mysterious gates ?

Whom shall I meet, where shall I go

Beyond the lovely land I know ?

Above the sky, across the sea

What shall I learn and feel and be ?

Open, strange doors, to good or ill !

I hold my breath a moment still

Before the magic of your look.

What will you do to me, O Book ?

(*From the Treasure Chest*)

Special News and Notes of Women in India

WE are glad that the Thiya women of Cochin have convened a special conference to think about their emancipation in civil and social conditions, as well as in caste and religion. This meeting was held under the auspices of the Cochin Thiya Vanitha Samajam, under the presidentship of Srimathi Meenakshi Kutty Amma, an enlightened Nayar lady. Though, as an M. L. C., of Cochin said, Thiya women were rather backward in education, it was very necessary for them to rouse themselves and take their part in the national awakening of Indian women. There should be co-operation with others of their sex, who were working for the public advancement of women and for the wider recognition of their rights in homes, and in outside services. Above all, they should work for the abolition of communal differences.

* * *

THE suggestion made by the wife of the Director of Veterinary Services in the Central Provinces is a good one that Indian women should interest themselves in veterinary work. In spite of the fact that foreign women excel as research workers and private doctors in this department, perhaps it will be difficult for Indian women to become veterinary surgeons in India. Yet, there is no doubt that, once they begin, they will be equal to the task, especially with regard to pet animals. As the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College in London said: "If an educated lady could be persuaded to take the first step, she would receive a warm welcome from me, and also from the 64 women students, who are at present doing so well in the college."

* * *

IT is an exciting fact that Bombay women have definitly made up their minds to take to sport. Some hockey matches have actually been played, and there is regular practice every week-end in the game. Three women's clubs have been organised, and two more are being evolved, one of them being affiliated to the Bombay Provincial Hockey Association. A Women's Hockey League may soon be started, and all kinds of sports will probably be introduced into all the clubs. Such a movement, as a Madras *Daily* says:— "Quite apart from providing wholesome recreation to Indian women, will ultimately tend to create a better physical and more virile race of Indian men and women and will bring India in line with the foremost civilised nations of the world."

* * *

WE congratulate the Madras Society for the Protection of Children on its good progress, during the last year. Started about 27 years ago to give delinquent and destitute children a chance in life, the society has progressed and is giving health and happiness to several little ones. This is great work indeed and deserves good support from the general public.

* * *

THE annual meeting of the Women's Educational Association at New Delhi, showed progress, especially in the growth of the Lady Irwin College. There were 44 students from all communities of India; 29 of whom were taking the full course, which would enable them not only to give sound education in domestic science, but also to earn their living thereby. The College has decided to apply to the Federal Delhi University for affiliation; and physchological research of the Indian child is suggested.

* * *

THE Red Cross Society of Madras has done good work for the year. There are four specialised activities, viz., Maternity and Child Welfare, Junior Red Cross, Anti-tuberclosis work and the Health school. Three new District branches have been opened, making in all twelve bodies. The membership of the Provincial branch has

increased, and considerable help to hospitals in the shape of comforts has been made. Much propaganda work also is done, a good deal of help being rendered by Madras papers and local health authorities. We are glad that a resolution has been passed to establish a Health Museum at Madras, on the lines of those at Germany and Japan, with the attachment of a theatre for lectures and health films.

* * *

WE have received a report of the All Ceylon Women's Conference. At the request of the Ceylon Women's Association, many women's organisations met last September. Their findings of the conference make interesting reading on free education and scholarship, on relationship between home and school, on the place of religion in education, on the need for training in health, home-craft and mother-craft, on social and moral hygiene, on marriage, on industrial employment for women and girls and their moral safety in such, on women's relationship to the problems of poverty and crime, on careers for girls, on training for leisure and adult education, on women and legislation. Some resolutions were passed with regard to the removal of sex disqualification, better accommodation for women prisoners, the establishment of *creches* for women working in industries, a better appreciation of the nursing profession, and extension of technical, vocational and village training for girls.

§ § §

THE seventh annual report of the Women's Political Union of Ceylon is to hand. In spite of difficulties, some definite work has been done. Representations have been made with regard to prisoners, divorce case proceedings, hospitals, and some laws regarding women and children. The representatives of the Union have worked hard to ensure appreciation of Ceylon women. There has been even an invitation to send delegates to the 12th Congress of the International Alliance of women for sufferage and equal citizenship at Istambul this year, and some contact has been established with the Association Federation of women-voters.

Women in Foreign Countries

SOUTH AFRICA

A BILL has recently been placed in the South African House of Assembly by the Minister of the Union, fixing the minimum age of eighteen in the case of boys and of sixteen in the case of girls for marriages. The evil of child marriage seems to have existed here also and has been protested against by various social workers and child welfare and women's associations. Though some objections were made to the bill, on the grounds of exemptions from custom and religion and fear of illegitimacy, it was felt that the prevention of child-marriage was a real method of reform.

BERMUDA

We hear that the women of this island are claiming the vote, at least for those who hold property of their own. There are 486 white women and 299 coloured of such, who will therefore be entitled to vote in the election of law-makers and tax-leviers. The taxes are used for the relief of the poor, and are said to be comparatively small; but a protest is made against them, because women have had no share in government at all. We are told that many women are refusing to pay the taxes and are following a civil disobedience campaign.

TURKEY

Seventeen women are to sit in the new Turkish National Assembly, this being the first time that women are allowed to participate in parliament.

GERMANY

We know that the tendency of the new regime in Germany is to disallow women in public and labour services; but lately a reaction seems to be taking place against this view. It has been stated by women as well as men, that in some lines of service women do better than men; while all women do not make good wives and mothers. Women are demanding more than domestic work, there being out of 12 millions of women craving employment, about 5 millions who are rather too old for marriage.

We are sorry, however, to hear that the number of women students is declining in colleges, both of arts and vocational facilities.

EGYPT

The first woman in Egypt to take up flying is Miss Loutfia El Nadi, who is now studying commercial aviation. She has obtained her *A* license, which requires about 15 hours in the air. She is one of three women students at the Flying School; and we are told that she chose her career from love of adventure. She actually took the initiative against the wish of her parents, but was so good at the first tests that she was allowed her wish.

JAPAN

It is interesting to read of Mrs. Karoda, who has been given charge of the Radio housekeeping programmes. She arranges and supervises her lessons, which go to about 100,000 houses. She also sends out fashion news and suggestions for recreation and beauty-culture. She has thus given a new interest in life to women.

Mrs. Karoda is also a great mountain climber, and is the first woman to have reached the top of two lofty Japanese mountains. She did this feat in very cold weather, during heavy winds and storms, thus proving that women are capable of such deeds. She has written a book on Women's Mountain-Sking and says that vigorous out-door sports are making women slimmer and taller, and more athletic, and hence will be enjoyed by Japanese women, once they begin to take to them.

A Radium Company has been opened by Japanese women, and managed solely by Japanese women. "A blessing from the hands of women to the hands of women" is the idea underlying its foundation.

Mrs. Moriko Ogibe is called Madame Astronomer. She makes a study of sun-spots, and of the obscurations of stars by the moon, furnishing some notes for the Greenwich laboratory. There are other women-astronomers in Japan.

Girls in Japan are going in greater numbers to Colleges; many however, are entering schools of science, for medicine, pharmacy and sewing, showing that they are anxious to be economically independent. There are also private schools for tailoring, knitting and embroidery, which are crowded with girls. It is remarkable that even after college, a girl remains unmarried for two or three years, in order to learn about domestic affairs, or to take up advanced study. Marriage also is sometimes not thought of, unless some money has been saved for marriage expenses, thus relieving parents of some anxiety.

LONDON

To combat the evils of malnutrition among women and children, the Women's Institutes of England and Wales, with their 5222 branches, are holding a conference, where good values and dietetic effects will be discussed by many experienced women, like wives of farmers, shop-keepers, labourers etc. It is suggested that a co-operative scheme should be started for the supply of cheap food, like herrings, to villages where there is much unemployment. School-children, it is said, should be given a hot mid-day meal, at normal cost. There is always a fight for equal pay for equal work in England. A special protest often has to be made against the transfer of ordinary clerical work to lower-paid women's grades.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

HAIR-DRESSING

DRESS *and Beauty* gives some hints about this important part of a woman's toilette. It tells us that a badly-groomed head spoils many a perfect *ensemble* of dress. Each woman has, if she looks for it, a different personality of her own, and it is up to her or to her hair-dresser to find the style of coiffure that properly brings it out. Attention must be paid not only to technique and art, but also to the type and nature of the hair itself, the shape of the head, the line and balance of the features, the height and the formation of the figure, and the style of silhouette. In addition to this, the hair must be kept clean and fresh, brushed and lustrous. Plainness and ugliness even of feature can often be transformed into something like beauty by the style of coiffure chosen. And the point to remember is that, in choosing a style, there is nothing gained by a ludicrous imitation of famous types; what is really wanted is something, which will "reveal all the most precious possessions of personality, elegance and beauty.

PLAINNESS OF FEATURE

Elizabeth Craig in *Dress and Beauty* writes that if she were plain, "she would not play second fiddle to beauty." No, I would so develop and train myself, groom myself and dress myself that I would exact the same attention as freely paid to beauty."

If it is true that Nature's gifts of beauty can be enhanced, it must be true that Nature's lack of such dower can be atoned for. The first to do is to take stock of oneself completely and uncompromisingly. Pick up the good points of your appearance, if any; add and improve on them; perhaps they may hide the bad ones. Then make an inventory of all the bad points and see if they can be changed into attractions. A definite style suitable to the personality should be developed; in addition, there should be prefection of dress, coiffure and make-up achieved. Then, there is to be considered in what form further attraction should be gained. It often happens that Nature, in compensation as it were for plain looks, gives a good personality and some mental gifts. Well then, cultivate them in as natural a manner as possible. This is important, for posing and pretence always disillusion. Then, there should be cultivated the art not only of talking well and interestingly, but also of listening appreciatively.

"If I were plain," says Elizabeth Craig, "I would not depend on my looks to help me through life. I would develop my will-power, would laugh at the mole-hills many people call mountains, and I would drive on in my own way, treating every defeat as a stepping-stone to some other success. But, knowing how the multitude sizes you up by the state of your wardrobe and your general air, I would leave no stone unturned to make me a true daughter of Eve. We've no proof that she was beautiful, yet I seem to have read somewhere that she tempted Adam."

I came across an article lately, in which a well-known *Impresario*, gives his impressions of what makes women really attractive. Perfection of form and feature, and faultlessness in style and technique are not enough for him, he says, when he chooses the chorus-girls for his revues. He needs something more, viz., some individuality of charm or genius, "which can so irradiate women, that even plain and ugly actresses can, within a few minutes of their entrance, persuade us that they are among the most beautiful women in the world." The first thing he looks for is natural poise and balance of manner. This means a fine deportment and an easy and quiet walk when in movement, and a beautiful repose when in rest; one of the most important points of the latter being a graceful handling of the hands and feet. The figure also can always be made shapely

in approximate proportion to the size, so long as there are no foolish ideas as to special requirements, which may not be suitable. He also sees to the beauty of hair; for, even when not luxuriant, this "crowning glory of women can still be so treated as to suit the special style of face it frames. The expressiveness and beauty of eyes also can give much attraction even to a plain face.

Finally, there is the personality of the women to be considered: "a compound of wit, intelligence, sex—everything: the virtues in woman which appeal to man even without beauty in addition, or long after beauty has faded; —loyalty, good humour, sympathy, courage and so on are inextricably bound up with them. That is the beauty that shines from within. It is not merely skin-deep like physical beauty, without anything behind it; and, if you have that first, you can begin to worry about the shape of your eyebrows afterwards. Eyebrows are important in their way, but, if you have the secret of personality, you could go through life without them and no one would even notice!"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) SCIENCE—AND BEAUTY

A STORY

THE child sat transfixed in her stiff little seat, in the Natural Science class at school. Her whole world of dreams and poetic fancies seemed to be tumbling down before her. As in a trance, she heard the teacher pour out these words; "Children, you must not think that flowers were created just to give you pleasure. They grow in order to produce seeds, out of which new little plants eventually grow. Why do you think a flower is so beautiful? To please your eyes, or to add beauty and colour to the world? No, no, they are not there for this reason alone. They are brightly-coloured, and are glorious in their variety, in order to attract insects and little birds, so that the work of pollination may be carried on. They smell sweet, not only to give you a pleasing sensation; but in order to invite birds and insects to their store-houses of honey and nectar, and then to shed their pollen grains on the ignorant animal's back. No, children, flowers are not there just to beautify this world. They have their own work to carry out. It is time you learnt the scientific value of things, instead of just looking at the outward splendour. Now, listen, and I shall explain how pollination is carried on, and how insects, and birds, and the wind and water and other agents, are a means by which the process takes place." And so, the teacher went on, and the child wondered more and more. Her whole idea of life, as she had hitherto conceived it in her childish mind, now seemed to be wrong. According to her teacher's words, a flower had its own motive in being beautiful. It served its own purpose. Beauty, she had hitherto thought, was there just for the sake of beauty. Now she learnt that it was not there merely for the sake of beauty, but was beautiful in order to attract other things towards itself,, and thus serve its own purpose, and achieve its ulterior object.

She felt she could never admire a flower again. What was the good? It was there with a selfish object. Nay, she felt she could never admire anything at all. Perhaps even the glowing sunset, the twinkling stars, the blue blue sea, with its white crested waves, the trees, and the whole of Nature itself, were just beautiful, radiant, splendid, merely to serve their own selfish ends. Oh, she hated science, and she hated her teacher, who explained things in such a brutal, matter-of-fact way. Why

did people ever learn science? Why were they not satisfied with the beauty of the world, instead of trying to pry into its secret motives? Ugh! She gave a shiver.

The lesson came to an end. The children trooped out of their class-room. The rusty old bell rang out, clang! clang! clang! Oh, how she hated its resonant sound. It was time now for them to file into the playground, and go through the usual penance of drill. Just marching round and round, while the drill mistress drowsed against the wall. Then counting one, two, three, and doing antics with hands and legs. She loathed school. There was no freedom; her child's mind was cramped, tied down, imprisoned with rules, bells, formulae, sums,—and science. The teachers did not care for her. Nay, they were incapable of individual love. They just did their duty, in order to earn their pay. They waited each day for the final bell, when they could go home. There was no joy, no joy in this school of hers.

She trudged home wearily, had her tea, and roamed in the garden. She went to her favourite rose-tree. There was one beautiful rose in full-bloom, and around it a radiant butterfly hovered. She felt disgusted, and in her anger she tore the rose from its branch, and scattered its petals, until they flew away in the evening breeze, crushed and shattered.

She sulked the whole evening, and, when her mother asked her what the matter was, she did not answer. At last, it was time to go to bed. She lay down wearily, and tried to sleep. But she thought she could not. She watched the moon sail over the star-steeped sky, and her whole soul seemed to be in revolt with the universe. She could trust no object of beauty now. She looked at the moon,—looked—and looked, until suddenly, the whole sky seemed to change colour. Everything became dark, disordered, chaotic. No longer was there a moon, or stars, or a radiant sky. There was tumult, confusion everywhere. Chaos reigned like an ocean in storm, the waves beating violently, and over all a mighty, shining figure brooded. It was the figure of a magnificent man, so magnificent, that he looked like God himself, and in his hands he held a wand; and out of the chaos below him he created order; and the child saw the tumultuous ocean break into land, and sea, and she saw the sun-shine, and trees and cattle and men spring up on earth. Then she heard the voice of the mighty figure say, "I wish to create tiny flowers now. They shall be beautiful, and glorify the earth; and men shall love them for their beauty and fragrance. They shall also be the means to attract little birds and insects and other small animals of the earth, through whose help they shall produce seeds, which shall grow into little plants, and then into mighty trees. Thus shall the great arise from the small, and all things shall help each other. But, above all, I make my creation beautiful, so that it shall be a more pleasing abode for mankind." And with these words the mighty figure waved his wand, and glorious flowers were created on earth, around which radiant-winged creatures hovered, and with this wondrous vision in front of her, the child suddenly awoke, and found that she had been dreaming. The moon had long since set, and the stars twinkled, twinkled in the sapphire sky. She heaved a sigh of content, for her dream had revealed to her that God had intended the world to be beautiful. She murmured the words which her mother had taught her, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and then, she fell asleep.

The next morning, she awoke happy and refreshed. She loved the world and the beautiful things around her once again; but she also determined to take an interest in her lessons, and above all in science, for did not that branch of knowledge, after all, reveal to mankind that behind the beauty of Nature lay a wonderful scheme gloriously manipulated and arranged, and kept in order by a mighty hand.

She went merrily to school that

day, for science could never destroy the wondrous beauty of nature, but only accentuate it.

P. S.

(2) THE SUN-RISE

The night has gone,
And silver dawn
Is lighting earth and sky;
'Tis early moon,
The sun is born
And darkness now will die.

The sun-beams dance,
And dew-drops prance
Upon the flower-beds;
The bul-buls sing,
And palm-trees swing
Their lazy drowsy heads.

Then haste, awake
'Tis now day-break;
I hear the Kotil say,
"Rise from your bed,
Wake, sleepy head,
This lovely summer day.

P. S.

(3) IN CHILDHOOD DAYS

A PARTY

ALL of us look back to our childhood's days with pleasure and a certain longing that they may come back again. We think of the pranks we played, the lessons we learnt, and the altogether lovely days we had. Some of our most poignant memories, no doubt, are the wonderful children's parties we used to go to, and the fun we used to have. We write from the experience of age however, and our childhood's days are but memories to-day. To you, however, the dream-like quality and gossamer thoughts and fancies of childhood are still within your grip — you have them with you — to make them into very beautiful memories to last all your lives — to make them so beautiful, that when you grow up, you look back to them, not with distaste and hatred, but with a fond love and pleasant reminiscences.

I suppose most of you give a children's party every year. We can recall the magnificent ones we used to go to — dressed up in fancy costumes—let's see — what did we go as? As fairies all in white and silver, with silver wands and silver stars gleaming on our heads, or princes or princesses — as pierots and pierettes, sanyasis, maharajas, or as a thousand and one other things. Do you remember that nursery rhyme party we went to? All of us had to dress up as characters from the nursery rhymes — little Bo-peeps and Jacks and Jills — which reminds me — Did you see that most amusing and at the same time whimsical, musical and most entertaining picture, "Babes in Toyland?" If you have not, don't miss it when it does come your way. There you will see all our favourite characters resurrected, all living and talking and laughing and weeping.

Is n't it a shame that we have no Indian Nursery Rhymes — with our own characters — a great pity. I wonder when some great poet will rise and write us such much-needed verses!

To go back to our children's party, however, what fun we had at Mrs. Sharma's Christmas party—No Christmas tree or anything common; but she got the idea from a *Silly symphony* picture, and when we all arrived in our fancy tags, there was a regular toy-land invented, with Father Christmas' work-shop, its roof and garden all covered with snow, artificial snow, (because there is no real snow in most parts of India) and inside the shop there were little boys and girls all dressed up like elves and gnomes, working away with hammer and chisel, working hard to get the presents ready to be given away. All of us looked in. There was another shop, next to the work-shop, where we had the most wonderful eatables—and when we had had all that we wanted, we went into the garden and suddenly Father Christmas arrived in a little carriage drawn by two lovely huge Alsatians, and stopped in

front of the shop. There was great rejoicing —especially when he went into the shop— and found that all the workmen had finished their work and the presents were all ready. How we loved going and taking our gifts— and what fun we had afterwards when all of us played the most glorious games, and when the little eating shop was created into an ice-cream depot, and we ate the most delectable ices. It was late when we went home ; but it was a party we can never forget— one of those great events in our childhood's days that will remain fresh in our memories even when we are sixty or seventy.

—*Parijatam.*

OBSERVATIONS

ARRANGEMENTS OF FLOWERS.

"Go back to nature and develop a sense of the beautiful." This was the advice lately given by Mrs. Cousins to some students. "Around us there are things of beauty, in which we can rejoice only by cultivating a sense of appreciation of beauty. The enchanting chatter of the birds welcoming the dawn, the flush of joy in the tender child and the varied hue of flowers and plants around us are things which can gladden the heart, if only we can see them with an aesthetic vision."

This seems to be one of the principles on which Japanese women train themselves for married life. We are told that no Japanese girl is deemed a fit bride, unless she qualifies in some natural delicacy of arrangement. The arrangement of flowers is one of such. We are told by Chaman Lal in the *Hindu* that this has become quite an art. The choice of a vase is important, very often a low copper rectangular bowl being chosen. Then balance, proportion and simplicity are achieved by the arrangement, the basis being not a massed arrangement, but linear designs, which should suggest in silhouette that stem, leaf, bud and flower are combined into growing life from the parent branches.

One branch of buds or flowers is first chosen, about 1½ times the height of a tall vase, or 1½ times the circumference of a low one. This is bent outward and then back again, and is fixed at the back. Then the second stem, about half the length of the first, is curved in the same way, and kept to one side. The third stalk is 1¼ the tallest, and is placed opposite the second and more forward, being bent obliquely away from the central stem. All these stems are joined at the base, and should be about four inches above water. This arrangement can always be modified to suit individual taste.

THE AIM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Mrs. N. S. Kagal writes in the *Progress of Education* that games are meant to form habits and therefore should be carefully planned for women. Their aims should be:

(1) to learn the value of physical culture; (2) to appreciate games as builders of body and grace; (3) to encourage team work and team spirit; (4) to manage the details of games-organisation and thus be initiated in the principles of administration; (5) to learn to appreciate defeat ; (6) to learn to tolerate success ; (7) to learn when to stop and deny yourself when feeling like having more ; (8) to form habits of physical culture; (9) to keep fit and practise physical culture after school life ; and (10) last but not least, to teach their own children the value of physical culture.

In the above list, different educationists would be inclined to give a different order to items in merit and importance. To me, however, items 5 and 6, namely, to stand up to defeat or success, and item 9, the formation of the habit of keeping fit in life after school, are extremely important. Next in order, I would place item 4, to encourage girls to manage their games-committees with as little interference as possible from the staff. Here we should lay the foundation for training girls to run their committee meetings in an orderly and efficient manner.

On two points there can be no difference of opinion :

(1) That the games must have an abiding interest for girls as a recreation during the later stages of their life ; and

(2) that it must be remembered that India is a poor country and games that entail a large expenditure of money cannot be a practical proposition, although certain privileged institutions may be able to meet heavy expenditure from their funds.

* * *

Gond poetry.

The Modern Review gives a comprehensive summary by V. Elwin of *Gond* poetry. It is not literary or religious poetry, but is of "earth and sky, of forest, hill and river, of changing seasons and varied passions, of love naked and unabashed, of dance and drum and rhythm, free of convention and restraint." There are three kinds of it, the *Dhanda* or riddle ; the *Dadaria* or the short song of the woodcutter, or of friends sitting round a fire ; and the *Karma*, songs which go with dances, sympolising events, such as the bringing of green boughs from the forest in spring. These are the most important, and there are many of them, with varying metres and times. The poem begins with a chorus, which appears again and again, and the burden follows, sometimes long and sometimes very short. In the dance itself, which continues sometimes half the night, a line of women dance round a group of men, with the drums in their centre. They sway to and fro, with intricate movements of the feet and hands ; sometimes a smaller circle going round the larger one. The men and the women answer each other. "Here then we have a dance poetry, a living poetry recreated day by day, a poetry of rhythm and delight, sung under the bright moon, to the crash of the drums, the music of anklet and bangle, and the delicate movements of the feet."

The Gond poems reveal the heart of the villagers, especially of the forest villager ; after reading it, none can think him a mere cypher, for he belongs to ordinary humanity with all his poverty and ignorance. There are many themes, most of them showing observation of nature, such as a girl's flame-coloured dress shining in the sun, the rain pouring down, the river being dammed up for fish, etc. The forest is the place for love, and yet for separation.

"Before me is a mountain ; behind it is the forest.
Where are you going, beloved ? Take me with you to the forest.
For as dry leaves flame in the forest fire, so my life burns for you.
Death will make entry into thy body which is so beautiful.
O brother, separation will come to this sweet life of ours.
Every part of my body weeps for thee ;
My mind repeats, Death is near ;
And my heart broods on this sadness.
O, Death will come to thy body, thy body which is beautiful to me."

There are many sad songs :

"The depths of sorrow in tears have not been measured ;
The mountains and the hills will pass away ;
Like flooded rivers and streams, tears may flow.
Brother, were I a tear-drop, I would fall like flooded waters,
For the deep limits of sorrow's tears are not yet founded."

$ $ $

There is no rest for her, and sleep has left her bed ;
Sleepless she sweeps her court,
But on her own heart heavy lies the dust.
For the comrade of her life has left her.
And there is pain in her heart,
There is no rest for her, and sleep has left her bed."

The Gonds excel in their love-songs, which can be compared to Elizabethan songs. A good deal of the poetry is coarse ; much of it is sensuous, but passion redeems it. Gond morality is not a very grand one ; but once a girl is united finally to her life-partner, she settles down and is loyal to him.

Here are a few songs :

" In every little lane there is a garden ;
In every village there are flowering trees,
Let me rest in your garden for a little while.
You may eat and drink, but life without a girl is wasted ;
So let me rest in your garden of flowers."

$ $ $

"I am looking out of my house;
The sun is but a bamboo's length above the hills.
Where can you go now it is grown so late,
O lover, in whom my life is enwound?
Like a dry leaf in the wind, you are ever blown to and fro away from me.
Where can you go now it is grown so late?"

$ $ $

"Your teeth are like silver,
How beautiful is your face,
My man of wonder,
But in your life there is no truth
And my heart is full of pain."

$ $ $

"O cuckoo, take my message;
My love awaits me in the garden.
O how shall I send a message to him?
My love awaits in his garden,
I will send my message by a parrot;
I will send my letter with a crow;
My love awaits me in his garden.

* * *

Kashmir folk-songs.

Prof. Devendra Satyarthi writes in the *Modern Review* about Kashmiri literature. The language itself, though little used now in schools is an off-spring of Sanskrit made rich by Persian. "Daughters of the soil, like Laleshwari (1400 A. D.) often called Lal Dyal, and Rup Bhawani, (1700 A. D.) burst into spiritual poems, though their language was more or less Sanskritized. Havva Khatun (1500 A. D.), the queen of Kashmir's King, Usaf Shah Chak, and Mrs. Bhawani Das (1800 A. D.), preferred the language, as it stood among the masses, and gave vent to their innermost feelings in beautiful poems. There were written epics like the *Ramayana* by Parkash Ram, and *Shiva Lagna* (Shiva's marriage) by Krishnadas. Romantic ballads like *Gul Rez* by Mukbul Shah, *Shirin Khusro* by Mahmud Gomi, and *Himal-t-Nagrai*, by Volialla Mattu, have their own charm. The love-lyrics and spiritual self-expressions of poet Parmanand, too, are noteworthy. All these are gems of Kashmiri literature. Again, there is one living popular poet, Golam-Ahmad Mahjur, whose many songs are already on the lips of the masses."

The following are given as varieties of folk-songs:

"(1) Opera-songs
(2) Dancer's songs
(3) Ballads
(4) Spring songs
(5) Harvest songs
 (i) Those sung in Kashmiri by the village sheperds of Kashmir,
 (ii) Those sung by Gujars in their own dialect.
(6) Boatmen's songs
(7) Love-songs
(8) Marriage-songs
(9) Cradle-songs. Lullabies and Nursery rhymes—(having perhaps no particular name, but often called *Lalnavan*, a derivation of *Lalvun*, meaning literally "to lull")
(10) Children's Sporting Songs
 These are short rhythmic refrains, sung in chorus or semi-chorus by the children, while they enjoy indoor or outdoor gambols and frolic.)
(11) Sacred Thread Ceremony songs
(12) Rup Dance-Songs
(13) Semi-Mystic songs, (current among the village holy men.)
(14) Dirges, popularly known as *Van*."

The Saffron bloom is much admired:

"Let's go to Pampur, O maiden,
When blooms the saffron;
It makes my heart throb,
And steals it, ah me;
Let's go to Pampur, O maiden,
When blooms the saffron.
How golden is saffron's colour, O Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour;
Enjoy its full glorious view, Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour,
Collecting it into heaps we are drowned in sweat.
Soon would it be taken to the contractor's place,
Enjoy its full glorious view, O Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour."

The stately Chenar tree is an object of beauty:

"To me, O Chenar-leaf, my love has sent thee,

My all, O Cupid, shall I sacrifice for thee,
Thou art, O Chenar-leaf, a prince of beauty,
My all, O Cupid, shall I sacrifice for thee."

The Jhelum is justly praised in many poems;

"Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy sheep's thirst appease.
All my boats would I illuminate
To manifest thy coming, dear mate?
Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy Sheep's thirst appease.
Green grass, with Love's water do I keep,
O come and feed thy goats and sheep,
Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy sheep's thirst appease."
"Take me, O boatman, to the yon bank;
O here flows the Jhelum, the deep river of love.
My boat takes only the pair in love,
O here flows the Jhelum, the deep river of love."
"O thou s low-motioned Jhelum!
For thee, let me devote my all, O Jhelum!
How great is thy stateliness, O Jhelum!
For thee, let me devote my all, O Jhelum!"

The famous Kashmiri shawl is sometimes sung of:

"How soft—O how soft, is the shawl-wool;
A song of its softness, I'll sing,
O, the shawl-wool is a heavenly thing,
A song of its softness, I'll sing."
My mate's head is crowned with a shawl-wool turban,
On his person looks lovely the shawl-wool *pheran*,
On my home-loom was woven the cloth of turban and *pheran*.
A song of its softness, I'll sing.

Here is a pretty song of the bride:

Far-off forests have all blossomed forth;
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!
Mountain lakes like Kal Sar are all full of flowers;
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!
Come on, we'll go to the meadows where the lilacs have blossomed,
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!
These are the days when the fruits ripen and they sing."

The bride is sometimes called an apricot:

"Thou hast come out of the Paradise, O apricot!
Congratulations to thee, O princes, con-congratulations to thee.
Handfuls of money, thy father spent freely
When thy mother brought thee forth, O princes!
The minister's wisdom, God bestowed upon thee,
Congratulations to thee, O princess, congratulations to thee."

The ear-ring is the symbol of a baby:

"I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee,
Thou art the god of love at evening,
And the sun at early morning,
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
In which flower-garden
Didst thou manifest thy person?
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
Thou art the prince of Delhi
And hast come to Lahore,
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
A golden necklace and a silver ring
Add beauty to thy neck;
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee."

The author of the article writes of Kashmiri songs thus:

"The folk-songs of Kashmir are the living monuments of Kashmir's poetic glory. Through these songs sings the Himalayan Muse; through these sponteneous sub-conscious self-expressions vibrates the very life of Kashmir. They are indeed the true copies of the hearts of the masses and in them are enshrined the relics of Kashmir's home-spun traditions. How wonderful those innocent and childlike minds might have been, who have woven these cultural fabrics at their own native looms!"

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I LATELY read in a modern novel, what I append below I do not agree with all of it. I wonder what your readers will think of the views embodied there. I would like to know. The conversationalists were all women.

"I've no patience with folk, who pretend that men and women are entirely different creatures. That's bosh; they are far more alike than unlike. But you'll find that men are more childish, more sentimental, more sensible, more imaginative, more cautious, and more emotional than we are.

"In other words, that they are, when all is said and done, a slightly superior piece of workmanship on the part of the Creator, more delicately-balanced, their nervous system more sensitive, their steel of a finer temper. The notion that women bear pain better than men is true in fact, but the reasoning is fallacious, the blunt truth being that women don't feel pain so keenly as men; they simply are unable to, their nervous system coarser, duller than men's, will not let them."

"Isn't all that old-fashioned? Surely women have proved to-dav that they are men's equals in evertyhing?"

"Don't you believe any such nonsense; men are annoying, shiftless, lazy, dirty, untidy, anything you like that's distasteful to a diligent, conscientious and fastidious woman but, taking it all round, men can do most things better than women, and without half the expense of energy and nervous force."

"I can't agree. I've taught boys and girls seperately and mixed, from all ages between five and twelve, for many years, and I must confess that in grain boys are more fastidious than girls. I know small boys have the reputation for being dirty, and in fact they can be filthy little beasts, but I have found there far more fastidious with themselves over small personal intimacies than girls; they seem to have a keener sense of the privacy of their own minds and bodies than do girls."

"I heard a woman, a very well-known composer, say that humanity is an instrument, the Creator is the master-player, and that all the loveliest, deepest and truest effects are obtained from the male strings."

"Do you think women are the more beautiful? Even that seems to be pooh-poohed now-a-days".

"I think there's a terrible lot of humbug talked about beauty, and I don't quite understand what is meant by women being more or less beautiful than men. To artists? To one another? To some non-human observer outside the world? If beauty is sexual, and I don't see how you can escape that, why then men find the supreme beauty in women, and women in men. There may be things of loveliness, which would appeal equally to men and women, but even then who's to know whether they are re-acting similarly? I think it's one of those insoluble questions because there can't be an answer."

Yours sincerely,

—*Sri Devi.*

N. B.—We invite criticisms of the different views expressed here.

Editor, I. L. M.

How the Tamil Talkie of Chandrasena was produced

By G. K. SESHAGIRI, B. A.,

Regisseur, "The Renaissance Theatre," Madras.

PRABHAT is now the rising sun in the firmament of the Indian Film Industry and its achievements so far have shed lustre on our country. It has been honestly striving in this direction for the past six years with a considerable measure of success. From their newly-built and well-equipped studio at Poona they gave us last year a classic picture in '*Amrit Manthan.*' They have just completed the production of "*Chandrasena*" as a talkie in three versions. Hindi, Marathi and Tamil, the last with the co-operation of "The Renaissance Theatre," Madras. This version is unique in many respects. The staff and the artistes required have been assembled from respectable and cultured classes, thus to a great extent removing the social stigma attached to the stage and the screen. The Renaissance Theatre was started at Madras with the avowed object of fostering dramatic Theatre-Art in all its varied aspects, and making the stage and the screen powerful instruments of cultural expression and organic parts of the life of the community. It has striven its best for the past four months to produce an irreproachable and artistic Tamil talkie, which could be offered as a worthy gift to the renascent Tamil *Nadu.* What the completed picture is like, is for the impartial critic to say. Though "Chandrasena" is a mythological subject, the dry bones of its crude structure have been made alive, and dramatic motive, incident and character have been judiciously interwoven in its development.

In the story, Rama and Lakshmana are kidnapped by Ahi and Mahi, the mighty monarchs of the under-world and the most powerful allies of Ravana. Hanuman rescues Rama and Lakshmana with the help of Chandrasena, a lady of *Nagaloka*, who has been kept as a captive by Mahi in his kingdom of Mahikavathi. In the Tamil version of this story, we have taken the dominant note of our religious mystics, viz., that of becoming one with God, as the central idea round which the whole story revolves. Chandrasena's devotion to Rama is neither of the earth earthy, nor of the heaven heavenly: it is a passionate devotion to the perfect man and the perfect God. Her adoration for Rama ripens into altruistic love when she attempts to rescue him from prison even at the risk of her own life. And for this she undergoes with a martyr's patience untold tortures at the hands of the queen. She passionately yearns for the nearness and companionship of Rama; but, when she thinks she is about to realize her cherished dreams, she forgets herself, forgets all, and in Rama's presence her human desires are sublimated into something rich and noble, something divine and beautiful. And so she becomes merged in Him, who is the Infinite.

In the devolopment of the other characters, we have adequate foils to Chendrasena, of different types of brutality. Ahi is a drunken lout, his queen Mahadevi a she-devil without the cloven foot, and the court-poet a masterful inebriate, who can drink barrels of liquor and yet be sober and sing to us his philosophy of wine and women. Mahi is an intellectual drunkard, who has momentary gleams of sanity to realize the evil effects of his intemperance, but, unable to resist the lure of the tankard, is dragged down to eventual disaster.

The dialogue used in this picture was written by Mr. V. Raghavan, M. A., a brilliant Research student of The Madras University, and revised by competent scholars. The songs were specially composed by Papanasam Sivan, whose name is a household word throughout South India for soul-stirring strains. The Ragas, in which these songs are rendered, have been carefully selected to suggest the emotions intended to be evoked in each particular mood of the story. The musical phrasing is accurate; and by the dexterous combinations of changing vowel sounds unique rhythmical sound-effects have been achieved. Much credit is also due to the music Directors.

R. Rajavi, an educated and cultured artiste, well-known in Madras for her musical talents,

and her melodious voice, plays the title role in this picture. She is supported by a brilliant cast of talented artistes of the Renaissance Theatre.

Prabhat has always been famous for its gorgeous settings; but this time the Art Director, Mr. Fattilal, has excelled himself. The background, furnishings, interior decoration, ornaments, costumes and drapery all harmonise with the under-world, which is the scene of action.

Mr. Shantaram, the directer of the picture, never forgets the essential factor of a talkie, viz., that it should not merely sing and talk as most of our Indian Talkies so far produced do, but should also tell a story, develop a character, portray a situation and a conflict, through a series of interesting *Visual Images*. He has very ably and suggestively set the action and business to suit the dialogue and the songs in this picture. And more than all this he has fully exploited the possibilities of inarticulate speech and has given ample scope for subtle significant gestures and poses.

It is time, however, that we leave our mythology and strike a new path by handling powerful and thought-provoking social subjects relating to contemporary life. We hope, with the help of first-rate film-producing concerns like the Prabhat, ere long to be able to realize our ideals in this direction, and give our country artistic pictures reflecting the New Ideology of Young India on the Russian Model. We shall then be able to build a new and virile art, which should bring India her aesthetic salvation.

FACTS ABOUT THE EQUALITY TREATIES

I. TEXT OF TREATIES

The Equal Rights Treaty, in its principal clause, reads as follows:—

"The contracting States agree that upon the ratification of this treaty, men and women shall have equal rights throughout the territory subject to their respective jurisdictions."

The Equal Nationality Treaty, in its principal clause, reads as follows:—

"The Governments represented in the Seventh International Conference of American States, wishing to conclude a Convention on the Nationality of Women, have appointed plenipotentiaries:— " who, after having exhibited their full powers, which were found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following:—

"There shall be no distinction based on sex as regards nationality, in their legislation or in their practice."

II. MEANING AND PURPOSE OF TREATIES

The Equal Rights Treaty would oblige each government accepting it, to establish and maintain complete equality of rights between men and women. This means equality in all matters that the Government can affect—equality in the economic field, equality in labour legislation, equality in political rights, equality in educational opportunities, equality in civil rights, equality in nationality rights—in short, equality in all rights under the law. The purpose of the Treaty is to end by means of an international agreement the world-wide restrictions in every field, on women's rights to live and to work.

The Equal Nationality Treaty is similar in conception to the Equal Rights Treaty, but is confined to nationality. This special Treaty is proposed by women's organizations, because of the fact that the Hague Conference on the Codification of International Law has proposed a Treaty on Nationality, discriminating against women, which Treaty has been before the various Governments for ratification. The Equal Nationality Treaty is offered as a substitute for the articles discriminating against women in the draft submitted by the Hague Conference.

III. SIGNATORIES

The Equal Rights Treaty was signed at Montevideo, December 26, 1933, by the representatives of the Governments of Cuba, Ecuador, Paraguay and Uruguay.

The Equal Nationality Treaty was signed at Montevideo, December 26, 1933, by the representatives of the Governments of Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, El Salvador, United States, Uruguay.

The Equal Nationality Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, May 24, 1934, and by the Senate of Chile, June 18, 1934.

IV. SUPPORT BY WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS:

The Equal Rights Treaty has been endorsed by the following International bodies of women:

1. The Inter-American Commission of Women (Montevideo Meeting, December 1933),
2. The International Soroptomist Clubs (Paris Congress, July 1934),
3. The Women's Consultative Committee on Nationality created by the Council of the League of Nations (Geneva Meeting, July 1934),
4. The World Committee of Women against War and Fascism (Paris Congress Agust 1934),
5. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (Zurich Congress, September 1934),
6. The Equal Rights International (General meeting, Geneva, September 1934),
7. The All-Asian Conference of Women (Executive Committee Meeting, Karachi, January 2, 1935),
8. The International Council of Women (Board of Officers Meeting, Paris, February 12, 1935).

The Equal Nationality Treaty has been endorsed by practically all of the abovenamed organizations and by a great number of additional international, national and local women's organizations.

V. PLACING OF EQUALITY TREATIES ON AGENDA OF 1935 ASSEMBLY OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS:

The Eqnal Rights Treaty was brought before the last ordinary Assembly of the League of Nations on September 27, 1934, in a letter signed by the representatives of ten Governments. In pursuance of their request, the Assembly agreed that the Equal Rights Treaty should be placed on the agenda of the following ordinary Assembly, meeting in September 1935.

The *Equal Nationality Treaty* was brought before the last ordinary session of the Assembly of the League of Nations on September 21, 1934, in a letter signed by the representatives of fifteen governments. In pursuance of their request, the Assembly agreed that the Equal Nationality Treaty should be placed on the agenda of the following ordinary Assembly, meeting in September 1935.

Needlework Notes

A teapoy cover

Cut a piece of cream cloth the size required. Tack a hem on the right side. Cut four strips of coloured linen, fold over the raw edges and lay over the cloth, evenly from the outer edge. Tack them in position, folding the corners diagonally. Then work in open button-hole stitch in a contrasting colour over the edges. On the inside strip of cream, a row of flowers can be drawn in design and worked, the flowers in blue button-hole rings ending at the edges, with a yellow button-hole centre. The leaves can be done in stem-stitch in green.

Borders can also be worked in cross-stitch in different designs over canvas, drawing the threads out carefully afterwards.

Cookery Notes

Chocolate Cake

¼ lb. butter
3 ozs. sugar
1 oz. cadbury's breakfast choc :
4 ozs. flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
3 eggs.

Cream the butter, add sugar, add chocolate powder, separate eggs, add yokes, beat the white, and add the flour already sifted with baking powder.

Filling and Icing

Weigh 8 ozs. icing sugar. Crush and sieve. For filling take 2 ozs. butter, 2 large tablespoons icing sugar and 1 oz of chocolate powder. Split cake and spread inside. For icing, mix sugar and remainder of icing with 2 good tablespoons of chocolate powder to a paste with boiling water. This should be about 1½ tablespoons, but varies with heat and cold and damp.

Lemonade

2 lbs. sugar
1 pint water boiled with the sugar and poured on to
1½ ozs. citric acid and stirred. When cool, add ⅓ of a bottle of essence of lemon.

Ginger Syrup

2 lbs. sugar
1 pint water boiled with the sugar and poured on to
1½ spoons tartaric acid and stirred. When cool, add
1 Teaspoonfml essence cayenne
2 Teaspoonfuls Ess. Jamaica Ginger
1 Teaspoonful Ess. Lemon.

Add burnt sugar to colour brown.

—*R. M. S.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MODERN LIVING ROOMS

What was lacking so much in living rooms of the older period—viz., fresh air, light and sunshine, prove to be the most requisite needs of the modern living room. Looking through a volume on " Decorative art," I find that in most of the sitting rooms, the windows occupy as much as the whole length of one side of the room, thus affording ample fresh air and light, besides giving a beautiful view. "The full value of the window space gives a panoramic view out of doors, as well as the space and light inside, which are so valued to-day," says a caption to an illustration, and another one says the " long horizontal line, while restful in apearance, also permits of a continuous window space, extremely pleasing in interior effect."

Light and air then, and if possible, a

pleasant view, are absolutely essential in the modern living room.

Let us now get an idea of some colour schemes and up-to-date fittings. Listen to this one, "The hangings and upholstery are in copper-coloured velours, the walls painted pale-rose, with indirect lighting from a circular fitting in the ceiling;" and yet another, "The walls, ceiling and fire-place are painted oyster-white, with a centre panel of vermilion and gold paper. On either side, the panel is flanked by horizontal wood-strips in gold. The book-shelves, lacquered tobacco brown, are built round the angle of the wall and connect the lines of the fire-place and the cabinets at the sides of the couch. The warm colours of the colour scheme are continued in the furniture; armchairs upholstered in vermilion and white chenille, with plain vermilion chenille outsides; couch covered with tobacco brown moire repp; deep brown carpet, coffee table of copper, with macassar ebony base and plate glass top, lamps with gold-lacquered shafts, and copper and ebony bases."

A rich and beautiful *ensemble*, and so are all modern creations. Oh, to have the money to work out such exquisite schemes!

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9. Secy., Agricultural College Ladies' Club, Coimbatore
10. Secy., Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras
11. Secy., Public Library, Trichur
12. The Board High School, Quilandy

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